

R. A. Armstrong.
Form V
Harbord. C. I.

229 Huron St.
Toronto





Highgate

My dear Madam If Basil you think could without
detriment make his from-Eve-to-Morn-sojourn at Bages
for 10 or 12 days, you might then have (and for two
months) apartments at Mrs Pages' that combine all, you
wish for she would put up two beds in the spacious
Room that commands the loveliest View beyond compass
of our Highgate Scenery - with a neat Breakfast Parlour
and your Landlady is a most worthy motherly woman, the
widow of a Professional Man. in short, she is & deserves to
be, very highly respected by all classes - a plain simple
hearted Gentlewoman of the good old school.

Mrs. Hillman.

has made me write this note to The Stoppage or a semi-colon at least, of my Breakfast, for one cause & two reasons. The cause ^{the} her impatience arising from her mind being full stirring-full of the subject - the reasons, 1. In case, an opportunity should occur of sending this in the course of the morning to Bedford Square or Lincoln's Inn 2. In case, Basil should be prevented from coming here this evening, that it might be ready for the last Post.

God bless you both &

S. T. Coleridge

Tuesday 13 June 1823

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SELECT POEMS

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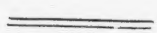
COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, CAMP-
BELL, LONGFELLOW

*EDITED FROM AUTHORS' EDITIONS,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND ANNOTATIONS*

BY

FREDERICK HENRY SYKES, A.M., PH.D.

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PREFACE.

This edition of Select Poems of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Longfellow is designed as an aid to the study of literature in High Schools, more especially the Literature prescribed for Matriculation and Departmental Examinations, 1896, in Ontario and Manitoba. The present volume, like its predecessor, the Select Poems of Tennyson, endeavours, by bringing together from many quarters whatever critical apparatus elementary students will require, to make possible for such as use it the thorough study of the poetry it contains.

The text of these Selections has been drawn in every case from the authoritative editions issued by the authors themselves. Wherever possible, each poem has been followed from earliest edition till latest, in the hope that the text might be made trustworthy in every detail. The variant readings have been carefully noted, and will be found of interest to readers as well as useful for instruction in literary expression. For similar reasons, care has been taken to cite the sources of poetical passages, not only that a clearer sense of poetic excellence may be attained, but also that an insight may be afforded into some phases of poetical composition.

The Appendix contains many poems that furnish interesting comparisons with the prescribed Selections, but in the main it is designed merely as a collection of poetry suitable for literary study without the aid of notes or other critical apparatus.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge here the kindness of the Librarian of Harvard University in giving the editor opportunity to photograph from its MS. collections the letters of Coleridge and Campbell and the original draft of Longfellow's *Excelsior*, facsimiles of which find place in this volume. To Dr. Fred. Robinson, of Harvard, the editor is likewise indebted for the use of his precious 1798 edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, which has associations not possessed by Mr. Dowden's reprint.

Now on thy mission, haply of usefulness, go, Little Book !

INT

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INTRODUCTIONS.

COLERIDGE.

[Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*; De Quincey's *Lake Poets*; Hazlitt, *First Acquaintance with Poets*; Cottle, *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*; Traill, *Coleridge (E.M.L.)*; Caine, *Coleridge (G.W.S.)*; Brandl, *Coleridge and the English Romantic Movement*. Essays of Pater, Sarrazin, Shairp, Swinburne, etc. The best editions are Macmillan's, 1880, four vols., and J. Dykes Campbell's, one vol.]

The Romantic Movement, which has given us all the great literature of this century, has two names that definitely mark the beginning of its glory, Wordsworth and Coleridge. Others prepared the way; others revealed more or less tentatively some of the characteristics of the Movement; traces of it may be found as early as Gray, who died in 1771, and whose *Journal in the Lakes* displays a spirit kindred to that of the poet of Grasmere; traces of it may be found in Burns, in whom tender feeling and passion join with appreciation of the beauty possible in the meanest flower and the humblest life. Cowper, too, felt the thrill of communion with Nature, and had a heart that went out to all weak and helpless creatures. Gray, Burns, and Cowper, then, all felt the impulse of a new life; but this new life was manifested clearly and unmistakably first in two names, Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, S.T.C., as he was fond of calling himself, was born on the 21st of October, 1772, youngest son of a kindly pedantic man, priest and peda-

gogue in Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, on whom the scriptural blessing of many children had already been bestowed. The future poet and metaphysician was remarkable even in boyhood. His life had no childhood, and none of the sports of children. The spirit of the boy was withdrawn into reading or meditation, 'driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation,' as he himself says. He began writing poetry before he was ten years old. When the death of his father broke his home ties, the boy passed to Christ's Hospital (School), London, to be clad in blue coat and yellow stockings, and turned loose among some hundreds of boys dressed in similar coats and stockings, underfed, overflogged. Coleridge made his mark as a scholar, and yet, tradition says, had many an extra lash from the headmaster 'because he was so ugly.' The discipline was severe and the life unsympathetic, to an extent that the boy was once tempted to escape and learn shoemaking from a friendly cobbler. Yet the school could not restrain the spirit—

On the leaden roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream.

Here are six lines written before Coleridge was fifteen years old, the last one especially noteworthy as showing how early the gift of imaginative expression had come to him.

O fair is love's first hope to gentle mind !
As Eve's first star through fleecy cloudlet peeping ;
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind
O'er willowy meads, and shadowed waters creeping ;
And Ceres' golden fields ;—*the sultry hind*
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

In 1788 he wrote *Time, Real and Imaginary*, which we quote elsewhere, which exhibits the abstract and philosophic turn that even at this early period his mind had taken. Lamb, who entered the school in 1782, records the general admiration of his fellows for a boy who was 'loquacious, metaphysician, bard':—"How have I seen," says the genial Elia, "the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and garb of the young Miranda), to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblicus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic drafts), or reciting Homer in the Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of old Grey Friars re-echoed with the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*."

The last years of his schooldays are marked by various passions.—for Voltaire, for medicine (his brother was a student in London Hospital), for Miss Evans, a neighbouring dressmaker, and for the poetry of William Lisle Bowles. This last exercised a permanent influence, confirming his poetic taste in the principles of the new literary movement. It is interesting to know that Wordsworth likewise, as early as 1783, read Bowles' sonnets, and that Southey took him for a model.

In February, 1791, Coleridge entered Cambridge, just as Wordsworth was leaving. His university life was not a success. He won a medal for a Greek ode, it is true, but what pleased him most was to fill his rooms with students enthusiastic over the great times that were then dawning gloriously upon the world. The liberty of man, the doctrines of Priestly, Frend, Godwin, the new poetry, that general renaissance of the human spirit, when

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was heaven !

These were the topics that then fired young men's minds, and were the themes of the rapt monologue of the undergraduate Coleridge. Suddenly, no one knows why, the enthusiast disappeared. When he was discovered, or when his Latinity betrayed him, he was Silas Titus Comberback, trooper in the awkward squad of Elliott's Light Dragoons.

Returning to Cambridge, Coleridge found a new object for his enthusiasm in Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, which had just been published and which he alone was able to appreciate. "Seldom, if ever," he said, "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the horizon more evidently announced." Then a vacation ramble gave him the company and friendship of Southey, the most heterodox and republican spirit in Oxford. When Coleridge returned from a trip to Wales, the two friends met at Bristol, and in Bristol their scheme to bring about a regenerate world was debated, planned, and—not carried out. They were to found a society in America on conditions of ideal equality, Pantisocracy. The Miss Frickers were willing to go, and as Lovell had married one, and Southey was about to marry another, Coleridge concluded it was but proper to engage himself to a third. Burnet proposed to a fourth, but she concluded to wait. Wives, however, were easier to procure than money, and they needed £2,000 to realize their ideal. Cottle, the warm-hearted bookseller, offered Coleridge thirty guineas for his poems, and made the same offer to Southey. The Pantisocrats immediately married, and Southey, having a tempting chance to go to Portugal, departed for Lisbon; Lovell left for a longer journey; while Coleridge, with

the mists of pantisocracy vanishing in the past, settled down in a £5-a-year cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, to enjoy his married life;—"send me a riddle slice, a candle-box, two glasses for the wash-hand stand, one dustpan, one small tin tea-kettle, one pair of candlesticks, a Bible, a keg of porter,"—

Writing for periodicals, lectures, tutoring, founding of a new magazine, whose weekly numbers should 'cry the state of the political atmosphere,' but which the servant used for starting the editor's fire,—'La, Sir, why it's only *Watchmen!*'—such were the labours of these early years of married life. A first volume of *Poems on Various Subjects* was published in 1796, but secured no special attention. It was immediately followed by the *Ode to the Departing Year*. Early in the following summer Coleridge removed to Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, where he had a rich friend and patron in Thomas Poole, and where Charles Lloyd became his lodger.

Nether Stowey lies at the foot of the Quantocks, a few miles from the Bristol Channel, in a country of clear brooks and wooded hills. At Racedown, in the neighbouring shire of Dorset, Wordsworth and his sister had found a home, and there the two poets read their compositions to each other,—Coleridge his tragedy of *Osorio*, and Wordsworth his tragedy of *The Borderers*. Thus began the friendship of these two men, a friendship that meant much for themselves, much for English literature. Charmed by the scenery of the Quantocks and the opportunity of being near Coleridge, Wordsworth took up his abode in Alfoxden, not three miles distant from Stowey. The period of companionship and mutual stimulus that ensued was marked by the production of poems that are

the earliest unmistakeable manifestations of the presence of a new spirit of poetry that was to dominate the first half of the century to come.

The origin and publication of *Lyrical Ballads* have been spoken of elsewhere (see p. 177ff.). Its immediate influence was very slight. The *Monthly Review* considered the *Ancient Mariner* the strangest cock and bull story, a rapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, though admitting exquisite poetical touches, and in general called upon the author of the volume to write on more elevated subjects and in a more cheerful disposition. Cottle parted with most of his five hundred copies at a loss, and on going out of business returned the copyright to Wordsworth as valueless. De Quincey and John Wilson were perhaps alone in recognizing the value of the volume. Originality, it is said, must create the taste by which it is to be appreciated, and it was some years before taste for the new poetry was created.

The close of the eighteenth century was a period of ferment and uncertain impulse. "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe were producing their tales of mystery, spectral romances where the imagination revels in midnight, wild heaths, lonely towers, groans and the tolling of castle-bell, muffled strangers, spectre bridegrooms, blue flames, death's heads, where

The worms crept in, and the worms crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about.

In strange disaccord existed, side by side with this tendency to the grotesque and supernatural, a strong tendency to realism, in which the daily life of common folk was depicted with the fidelity of Dutch art, as in Crabbe's *Village*.

I trace
 The poor laborious natives of the place,
 And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
 On their bare heads and dewy temples play.

There was also a steady and increasing attention paid to the older writers, chiefly Spenser, and to the traditional ballad poetry of England and Scotland. Collections of this ballad poetry were issued and eagerly read, Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, being the most influential. Finally a growing sympathy with Nature as well in its wild aspects as in scenes of cultivated beauty can be traced in Gray, Burns, and Cowper. But all this lay for the most part below an obdurate literary tradition that lacked sensitiveness of ear and tenderness of emotion, and idolized the heroic couplet, set phrases, and polished antitheses. What *Lyrical Ballads* did was to show that imagination free from grotesqueness could join with a realism free from triteness; that the literature of the past could afford inspiration and models to all who sought refuge from the monotony of the accepted literary forms; that for man, long pent in dusty towns, there was a new spirit of communion,—

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Coleridge's share in *Lyrical Ballads* was limited to four pieces in which the imagination deals with the supernatural, the chief being the *Ancient Mariner*. This poem stands amid the fragments and wrecks of greater undertakings as the one great finished achievement of its author. The story of a half insane sailor, by sheer effort of ima-

gination, rises into regions of subtlest feeling and thought ; scene after scene flashes past in ever-changing beauty ; the whole range of human emotion is gone through : it is the world and human life in miniature, and as it unrolls before our eyes, an undercurrent of tender feeling charms the heart, and an undertone of music, with cadences subtle as of a hidden brook in sleeping woods, takes captive the ear.

The other poems of the Nether Stowey period are scarcely less remarkable than the *Ancient Mariner*. *Christabel*, a fragment, was composed in part there, and is a most effective union of beauty with the fascination of terror and mystery. *Kubla Khan*, likewise a fragment, recollected from a dream, is characterized by an almost unequalled rhythm, while the *Ode to France* has the lofty organ-music that at times brings Coleridge within reach of Milton.

Before the *Lyrical Ballads* were actually issued, Coleridge had sought occupation as a Unitarian preacher in Shrewsbury. There the Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, came to his aid, gave him an annuity, and enabled the poet to carry out a long-cherished project of a pilgrimage to Germany. Through the same benevolent source, Wordsworth and his sister drew the means of accompanying him.

Coleridge parted company with the Wordsworths on their arrival in Germany, passed on to Ratzeburg, where for five months he studied German ; then went to Göttingen to attend lectures in philosophy and metaphysics. He returned to London in November, 1779, with a command of German that enabled him in six weeks to produce his translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*. It is the great-

est translation in English, but German literature was still of doubtful market value, and the copies sold as waste paper. From translating he passed to journalism, in which he was decidedly successful; then threw up flattering offers, and left London for Greta Hall, Keswick, twelve miles from Grasmere.

From this time, with trifling exceptions, Coleridge ceased to write poetry. The *Ode to Dejection* in 1802, and a few pathetic lyrics of the later years of his life, such as *Youth and Age*, *Work without Hope*, which are for the most part laments over lost opportunities and talents ill spent, virtually complete his poetic career.

Coleridge arrived in Keswick in 1800. Four years later he left England for Malta, wrecked in body and spirit. Exposure in a Scottish outing brought on rheumatism. To relieve this he had recourse to a mysterious black drop, which he learnt later, when under its power, consisted chiefly of opium, and like other great Englishmen of his time he became a slave to the drug. He drifted about from London to Malta, to Sicily, to Rome, back to England, and Keswick.

Ah ! piteous sight was it to see this man,
When he came back to us a withered flower,
Or, like a sinful creature, pale and wan.
Down would he sit; and without strength and power
Look at the common grass from hour to hour.

Coleridge went back to London in 1806 to write for *The Courier*. He lectured likewise at the Royal Institution, till his health and his audience failed him. In 1809 he started *The Friend*, which was mismanaged and after twenty-seven numbers collapsed. In 1811-12 he lectured again with wonderful interpretative insight on Shakspeare and Milton. There was a gleam of success when his old tragedy of *Osorio* was acted, but his new *Zapolyta* was

refused by the players. In 1816 Coleridge put himself under the care of Dr. Gillman, of the Grove, Highgate, London, and slowly won his way back from the depths of opium bondage to liberty and health.

Those Highgate days were essentially days of philosophy. The printed works of this period however are only a small part of the fructifying influence which Coleridge, chiefly by his conversation, exercised on contemporary thought. The records of his life and literary opinions he gathered into his *Biographia Literaria*, 1817. With the publication of *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, the world began to appreciate this neglected genius, and the sage of Highgate became the oracle of men like Maurice, Hallam, and even Carlyle. In November, 1833, feeling his end was approaching, he wrote his epitaph:—

Stop, Christian Passer-by !—Stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S.T.C. ;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death !
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame—
He ask'd and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same.

On the 25th of July, 1834, he died. They praised him in death, but it was too late.

Carlyle's picture of Coleridge, as he appeared in his old age (see page 213), is set off by the portrait Dorothy Wordsworth drew of him in June, 1797:

"He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. At first I thought him very plain, that is, about three minutes ; he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing half-curling rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them.

His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind, it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead."

Wordsworth's description,

A noticeable man with large grey eyes,

is proverbial.

Coleridge's poetry is in great part fragmentary. The work he wrote with full power of his genius could be printed, it has been said, on twenty pages, but it should be bound in pure gold. His special gift, which he shares with no other English writer, is the power of clear spiritual imagination in the regions of the supernatural, which he is still able to humanize. He was one with the Lake School in their subtle insight into the spiritual aspects of nature, and had the same power as Wordsworth of giving expression to the finest shades of loftiest emotion.

WORDSWORTH.

[Wordsworth's *Prelude* and *Autobiography*; C. Wordsworth, *Memoirs of W. W.*, 1851; Coleridge, *Biogr. Lit.*; De Quincey, *Lake Poets*; Hazlitt, *First Acquaintance with Poets*; Knight, *Life of W. W.* (vols. ix., x., xi. of *Works*), *Memoirs of Coleorton*, 1887, *Proceed. Words. Soc.* (six vols., selections of which are in *Wordsworthiana*; Meyers, *Wordsworth (E. M.L.)*; Symington, *William Wordsworth*, 1881; Sutherland, *William Wordsworth*, 2nd ed., 1892; Elizabeth Wordsworth, *William Wordsworth*, 1891. Essays and criticisms by Arnold (*Selections of W. W.*, Stopford Brooke, Church (*Dante*, etc.), Dowden (*Studies in Literature*), Morley (*Works*), Pater (*Appreciations*), Sarrazin (*Renaissance de la poésie anglaise*), Scherer (tr. Saintsbury), Shairp, etc. The best editions are Knight, eleven vols., 1887-1889; Dowden, seven vols., 1892-3; Morley, one vol., 1894.]

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7th, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, solicitor to Sir James Lowther, and of Anne Wordsworth, daughter of William Cookson, mercer of Penrith. His childhood truly showed that in him at least the boy was father to the man. Cockermouth is near the Derwent, that blent

A murmur with my nurse's song,
And sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams.

Bathing in the mill-race, plundering the raven's nest, skating, nutting, fishing, such were the golden days of happy boyhood; and the activities of boyhood lived on in the man. Wordsworth, Elizabeth Wordsworth says, could cut his name in the ice when quite an elderly man. The effect on his spirits of this free open life, lighted by a passion for the open air, may be read in his early *Lines on Leaving School*.

His schooldays at Hawkeshead, Lancashire, were happy,

though he describes himself as being 'of a stiff, moody, violent temper.' Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, Swift were his first favourite authors. His father interested himself in his training, and through his guidance Wordsworth as a boy could repeat by heart much of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

His father having died in 1783, Wordsworth was sent to Cambridge by his uncles. He entered St. John's College in October, 1787, and graduated in January, 1791. On the whole he took little interest in academic pursuits, yet read classics diligently, studied Italian and the older English poets, and 'sauntered, played, or rioted' with his fellow-students. His vacations were spent in the country; in one of them he traversed on foot France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy.

During another of these vacation rambles, returning at early dawn from some frolic,

The morning rose, in memorable pomp;
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melodies of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Wordsworth's first long poem, *An Evening Walk*, 1789, shows the spirit of nature striving against the bondage of Pope.

Unable to decide on a profession, Wordsworth went to France in November, 1791, where he stayed thirteen

months studying French and watching with beating heart the emancipation of human life and spirit in the Revolution. He returned to England with his choice of a profession yet unmade, and in 1793 published his first volumes of verses, *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, the value of which no one but Coleridge appreciated. He spent a month in the Isle of Wight, wandered about Salisbury Plain, and along the Wye to North Wales. One of his rambles with his sister Dorothy led him from Kendal to Grasmere, and from Grasmere to Keswick,—“the most delightful country we have ever seen,” she said. He projected a monthly miscellany, and was completely out of money when his good friend Raisley Calvert died, leaving him a legacy of £900. This was the turning point of his life. Inspired by his sister, Wordsworth resolved to take up that plain life of high thought which was to result in a pure and lasting fame. Wordsworth never was ungrateful to that noblest of women, his sister Dorothy. In the midst of troubles she never flagged, in the moments of literary aspiration she was by his side with sympathetic heart and equal mind.

She whispered still that brightness would return,
 She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
 A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
 And that alone, my office upon earth.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
 And love, and thought, and joy.

The brother and sister settled in Racedown Lodge, Crewkerne, Dorset, in a delightful country, with “charming walks, a good garden, and a pleasant home.” There Wordsworth wrote his *Imitations of Juvenal, Salisbury*

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Plain, and commenced the *Borderers*. Henceforth he was dedicated to poetry.

Coleridge, as we saw, visited the Wordsworths in Race-down in June, 1797, and such was his charm that they removed the next month to Alfoxden, three miles from Stowey, and two from the Bristol Channel. Here the *Lyrical Ballads* were written, and the *Borderers* finished. The latter was Wordsworth's one effort at dramatic composition. It was rejected by the Covent Garden Theatre; upon which the poet remarked that "the moving accident is not my trade." Lamb and Hazlitt, who came down to see Coleridge, were taken of course to see Wordsworth. Hazlitt, hearing Coleridge read some of his friend's poems, "felt the sense of a new style and a new spirit of poetry come over him."

Wordsworth's sojourn in Germany, which was marked by the composition of many of his best lyrics, such as *Lucy Gray* and the poems of *Lucy* (see p. 217), ended in July, 1799. In the autumn the brother and sister made excursions through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were so taken with the natural beauty of these shires that they settled in Grasmere, December, 1799.

Gray has described the Grasmere scenery and De Quincey the Wordsworth cottage—a little white cottage, sheltered in trees, overhung by the lofty mountain ascending behind it; below the broad basin of Grasmere water, and the low promontory on which rests the village with its embowered houses: all about the encircling eternal hills, and in their bosom, in those days, quiet peace.

During 1800 the poet wrote *Poems on the Naming of Places*, *The Brothers*, *The Pet Lamb*, *Michel*, etc. In 1802 he paid a short visit to France that resulted in the

Calais sonnets, and the sonnets written at London. The same year he married Mary Hutchinson, a schoolmate of his childhood, a wife worthy of her husband and his sister, and of the poem, *She was a Phantom of Delight*, depicting that perfect woman nobly planned.

In Dove Cottage until 1813, then in a larger house at Rydal Mount, but always by Grasmere lake, Wordsworth lived his long life. Friends were about him. Coleridge was at times in Keswick, fifteen miles away (they loved to walk such distances in those days), where Southey also was living; De Quincey took the Dove Cottage when Wordsworth moved to Rydal Mount; "Christopher North" was at Elleray, nine miles distant; Dr. Arnold built himself a house at Ambleside, an hour's walk from Rydal Mount. Occasionally the poet left home to make long trips on the Continent or to Scotland and Wales, steadily composing under the influences of suggestive scenes. *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland* (1814), *on the Continent* (1820), *in Italy* (1837), are collections of poems due to these excursions. His sonnets, many of which are gems of lyrical beauty unsurpassed, are chiefly in three series, *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, *On the River Duddon*, and *Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty*. Of his other chief works, *Peter Bell*, written in 1798, was not published till 1819; the *Excursion*, composed in 1795-1814, was published in 1814; *The White Doe of Rylstone*, written in 1807, was issued in 1815; while the *Prelude*, begun in 1799 and finished in 1805, was printed only after his death.

About 1830 the years of neglect and ridicule that Wordsworth had borne with serene mind changed for years of honour and fame. Oxford bestowed on him a doctor's degree; the nation, with one voice, on the death

of Southey in 1843, crowned him with the laurel, "as the just due of the first of living poets"; and the best minds of England, such as Arnold, George Eliot, Mill, acknowledged the strength and blessedness of his influence. When he died, April 23rd, 1850, the greatest English poet of this century, greatest in original force, sincerity, and beauty of thought, greatest as the interpretative voice of Nature, greatest in its power of transfiguring human life with the glory of imagination, had passed away from the world and from the Grasmere that guards his grave.

The best personal sketch of the poet is that of Henry Taylor, written about 1840:—"He talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and force. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct, forcible rather than melodious; the tone of him business-like, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous; a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man *multa tacere loquive paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well shaped; rather too much cheek ('horse-faced,' I have heard satirists say), face of a squarish shape and decidedly longish as I think the head itself was (*its* length, going *horizontal*): he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall

and strong-looking when he stood; a right good old steel-gray figure, a veracious *strength* looking through him which might have suited one of the old steel-gray *Margravs*."

Wordsworth's genius has had no finer interpreter than Coleridge. It is not the friend merely, but the keen critic of literature who, in dark days of neglect, could bravely stand forth to proclaim his friend's greatness. Wordsworth's excellences are, he says:—"First, an austere purity of language....Second, a corresponding weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments—won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation. They are fresh, and have the dew upon them...Even throughout his smaller poems there is scarcely one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection....Third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction....Fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature....Fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-mate....Last, and preeminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination....In the play of fancy, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is not always graceful, and is sometimes recon-dite. The likeness is occasionally too strange....But in imaginative power he stands nearest of a modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton. To employ his own words...he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

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W. L. J. Fields. 17 April 1838

My dear Sir
Have the goodness to ^{at this camp} send me
without fail not later than tomorrow a copy of
my ^{poems} Illustrated — & the remaining copy of the
folio vignettes addressed to James Thomson
Esq. at Mr Weaver's No 17. Arundel Street
Bentley Square —

Yours very truly
W. Campbell —

This was written to Moore
the Publisher of Dover St. N.

CAMPBELL.

[The chief authorities for a biography of Campbell are the *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, edited by William Beattie, M.D., Lond., 1849, and the *Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell*, by Cyrus Redding, Lond., 1859; on these have been founded the memoirs in the Aldine ed. of his Poems, and the Clarendon Press ed. of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, etc.]

Thomas Campbell was of the race of Campbells of Kirnan, who as late as the time of the poet's grandfather lived on the family estate in the vale of Glassary on the southern frontier of the West Highlands. At the time of the poet's birth, the house of Kirnan had fallen into ruin, and its lands passed into the possession of strangers. Alexander Campbell, son of its last owner, was a merchant in Glasgow, a man of honour and education. The youngest of his eleven children was the poet, born on the 27th of July, 1777. The boy Campbell was an affectionate, sensitive, delicate child, with an early liking for Scotch ballad poetry and song which he owed to his mother. The gift of numbers came early to him; lines of his are preserved that were written at the age of ten. He early showed, likewise, a keen enthusiasm for Greek and Latin, which he was fond of rendering into English verse. In 1771 he entered Glasgow University, there to win prizes and scholarships as well as an enviable reputation for his genial nature and poetic ability. The poets he read most in those early years were Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith. Their influence and the influence of his admired classics gave to his mind that bent towards 'correct taste' which while it secured him an immediate popularity with his

age, cut him off from the new movement that was to shatter the idol he worshipped.

His father fell into financial difficulties. Campbell spent his last college vacation as tutor at Mull, in the house of Mrs. Campbell of Sunipol. On graduation in 1795 he became tutor in the family of General Napier of Downie, on the Sound of Jura. At Sunipol he had been within reach of Iona and Staffa and the wild scenes of the Hebrides; at Downie there was a milder but still beautiful scenery: memories of these places were to pass later into his poems of *Gertrude of Wyoming* and the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*.

In 1797 he was back in Glasgow, with nothing to do. Not the Church, he was resolved, nor tutoring. Not law he concluded, after a few months in an Edinburgh law-office, nor medicine, after a slighter experience in Glasgow. He would have 'gone to America' probably, as a solution to the difficulty of bread-and-butter, but some hack-work for an Edinburgh publisher, and his own literary tastes kept him hanging on. His main present capital was Hope, and with some drafts on that and some classical translations, he went again to Edinburgh. Dr. Anderson, one of the literary chiefs of the city, gave the young poet encouragement, advice, admonition. Under his severe judgment he rewrote, revised, cut away, extended, polished, till some four hundred lines—the number was soon doubled—took shape in the *Pleasures of Hope*, which was published in 1799.

Burns had been three years dead. Scott was not for six years to begin his wonderful series of romantic epics. The times were propitious for a new poet, and Campbell, who had the good fortune to charm the taste of all ortho-

dox readers, was the literary hero of the hour. Not yet twenty-two, handsome, genial, he was carried everywhere in society, and edition after edition of his poem went off in a blaze of glory. The *Edinburgh Review* praised it, the *Quarterly* praised it, and in short the whole reading public that a year before neglected or decried the *Lyrical Ballads* were filled with inexpressible delight at the splendid phrases and polished eloquence of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Fourteen years later Mme. de Staël could write to its author that his poem had never left her, and that parts of it she could read twenty times without weakening their impression.

To-day the *Pleasures of Hope* has ceased to please. Its abstract and formal elements, its didactic tendencies, its stilted heroics do not take hold on our sympathies, while the historical allusions that appealed with living force to contemporaries have to us become faint and unimpressive. Lines of it have attained a just 'immortality of quotation,' such as those referring to the enchantment of distance, angel-visits, and the passage on unhappy Poland.

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
 Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man—
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm as puissant as your own !
 Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Historically the poem is memorable as the last sunset glow of the correct and elegant versification that was the glory of the school of Pope.

The literary influence of Germany was, as we have seen, at this time in the first blush of its greatness in England.

Campbell longed to make the customary literary pilgrimage, to see its famous authors and to gather the literary material that he felt sure of finding abundantly on the Continent. He set off in 1801 hoping to visit Hamburg, Göttingen, and Weimar where dwelt the deities of Parnassus, Goethe and Schiller. He saw Klopstock in Hamburg, but had no sooner reached Ratisbon in Bavaria than the French invested and captured the city. There was a glimpse of war for him when the Klenau's Austrian cavalry met Grenier French horse without the city walls. But Ratisbon was too near the scene of hostilities, and the poet returned in October to Altona (on the Elbe, near Hamburg). There he found Irish refugees of 1798, whom he commemorates in the *Exile of Erin*. There too the daily talk was of the imminent war of England and the Northern Neutral League. Campbell's patriotism beat high at the prospect, and its inspiration bore him on to complete a song he had already in part composed, *Ye Mariners of England*. These lyrics, the *Beech Tree's Petition* and the *Ode to Winter* are the only permanent fruits of his Continental trip. He wrote much else, however, and vainly agonized over a *Queen of the North*, an epic of Edinburgh.

On the appearance of an English fleet in the Baltic, Campbell went home. Lord Minto gave him quarters as a sort of private secretary, and in the patron's home the poet wrote two of his best poems, *Hohenlinden* and *Lochiel*. In 1803 he married, and after a short sojourn in Pimlico, settled at Sydenham Common, near London, where he dwelt for seventeen following years. In the early years of his married life he composed *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, *The Soldier's Dream*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and the

best of his longer poems *Gertrude of Wyoming*, an idyll of Pennsylvania that redeems its inaccuracies by a romantic charm, a freshness of poetic imagery and feeling, and some exquisite pictures of nature and domestic love. To these must be added another poem that appeared in his volume of 1809, *O'Connor's Child*, the tenderest of elegiac love poems.

With these, Campbell, though only thirty-two, virtually completed his poetical career. It is true he published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he was editor, a number of short poems—*The Evening Star* is not bad and *The Last Man* is decidedly good—and wrote in 1824 *Theodric*, a mournful tale of disappointed affection. Concerning this last work the author hopefully remarked:—"I know very well what will be its fate; there will be an outcry that there is nothing grand or romantic in the poem, and that it is too humble and too familiar. But I am prepared for this; and I know that, when it recovers from the first buzz of such criticism, it will attain a steady popularity." It received the reception the poet was prepared for, but failed to fulfil his expectations. Campbell felt that he could no longer equal his earlier productions, while the public agreed with Byron that his hippocrene was somewhat drouthy. He did not cease from work, but it was chiefly lectures or compilations,—lives of *Petrarch* and *Mrs. Siddons*, *Specimens of the British Poets*, etc. His last effort in poetry, *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, 1842, found no readers.

Honours, however, did not fail. The Government in 1805 gave him first £200, then £400 a year, as a pension. In 1827, the students of Glasgow elected him Lord Rector of the University, an honour that became glory, when it

was twice repeated. When he died, on the 18th of June, 1844, it was amidst a large concourse of sincere mourners that his remains were interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. No mourners were there more sincere than the Poles, who in Campbell's death had lost a steadfast friend. It was on their behalf that with the words "dust to dust," Colonel Szyrma sprinkled into the grave a handful of earth from the tomb of Kosciusko.

Byron has left a description of Campbell as he was in 1813:—He "looks well, seems pleased, and dressed to spicery. A blue coat becomes him, so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo has sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding garment; and was witty and lively." Longfellow, who met him the year before his death, noted a great change: "Campbell's outward man disappointed me. He is small and shrunken, frost-nipped by unkindly age, and wears a fancy wig. But I liked his inner man exceedingly. He is simple, frank, cordial, and withal very sociable."

Campbell's popularity as a poet has forever passed. It depended in the main on a literary taste that is now extinct and on temporal causes that no longer exist. With the poets who felt the rising life of a new poetry, Campbell had little communion. "In avoiding tinsel," he wrote, in 1805 of his Copenhagen lyric, "I do not mean intentionally to get foul of those lyrical balladists, those detestable heretics against orthodox taste, who, if they durst would turn the temple of Apollo into the temple of Cloacina." He mellowed a little, no doubt, as his later poems show, but never thoroughly abandoned his early principles. Unfortunately for Campbell, the heretics were right, and with the robust romanticism of Scott, the

melancholy heroics of Byron, and the growing popularity of Wordsworth, the star of Campbell's glory rapidly waned. It did not and probably will not, go out utterly. He has achieved the immortality of quotation and of the school-reader. He had a genuine lyrical gift, the trumpet-tone that stirs the blood in every man that has a country to love and die for. For such lyrics as *Ye Mariners* and the *Battle of the Baltic*, we may, with Moore, think gratefully of Thomas Campbell, as

"one whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land ;

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems still to sound—immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea."

LONGFELLOW.

[S. Longfellow, *Life of H. W. Longfellow* (contains extracts from his Journal), *Final Memorials of H. W. Longfellow*; Underwood, *H. W. Longfellow*, 1882; Kennedy, *H. W. Longfellow*, 1882; Austin, *Life*, etc., 1883; Robertson, *Life*, etc., 1887 (G.W.S.). His works are published in eleven vols., Boston, 1886. The best one vol. ed. of his poems is the Cambridge ed., Boston, 1895.]

The literature of Puritan America is no cheerful field of reading. Its very subjects, — elegies, lessons, judgments, prospects of death, obituaries, days of doom, — are depressing. Quotations from Holy Writ abound in the text and scriptural annotations cover the margins. Rarely does a smile creep over the face of this lantern-visaged Muse. The poverty of her metrical art is hidden with the broad mantle of godliness, as when the compiler of the *Bay Psalm Book* remarks, "If the verses are not alwayes so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect; let them consider that God's Altar needs not our pollishings." It is only toward the end of the eighteenth century that a mellowing influence appears, and we are conscious that it has ceased to be a crime to smile. Influenced no doubt by the new poetry of England, the working of a poetic spirit grows more manifest, but the Columbian muse has still more patriotism than poetry. With the new century, however, what names crowd upon us — Irving, Cooper, Halleck, Lydia Sigourney, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Willis, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe. Among these, as pre-eminently the poet of his time, stands Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Longfellow was born, of good Puritan stock, in Portland, Maine, on February 27th, 1807. His native town

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Henry W. Longfellow.

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and its pictured memories are recorded by the poet in some of his best lyrics, *My Lost Youth*, *The Rope-Walk*, and *Kéramos*. In 1822 he left home for Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where he distinguished himself as a poet and as a student. A translation of his from Horace so favorably impressed the trustees of the College that he was called to the chair of Modern Languages, and given permission to make all due preparation at his own expense abroad. This preparation he made by residence and travel in France, Spain, and Italy, and in September, 1827, returned to America a well-equipped professor of modern languages. He taught with interest and enthusiasm, diffusing a precious literary charm throughout his class-work that raised instruction into culture. In 1834, when Mr. Ticknor resigned his professorship in Harvard College, Mr. Longfellow was called to his chair, and was again offered the privilege of European travel in further preparation for his position.

Up to this time, Longfellow's only published works, other than poems in magazines, were school-books, a translation of *Coplas de Manrique*, and *Outre-Mer*. In this last work, published in its complete form in 1830, many of the characteristics of his genius are clearly manifested,—his love of the older lands rich in literary and historical associations, a generous optimism that falls like sunlight upon whatever objects he sees or persons he encounters. In *Outre-Mer* he definitely entered upon what perhaps was the great mission of his life, the interpretation of the Old World to the New.

In April of 1835 Longfellow and his wife—he had married happily four years before—set out beyond seas. They visited London, Sweden, and were in the midst of

their experiences in Holland when Mrs. Longfellow died, — a gentle, beautiful nature whose memory will live in the lines of *The Footsteps of Angels*, —

All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

The professor continued his labours in Heidelberg, in the Tyrol, and in Switzerland, where his heavy heart was lightened by association with Miss Frances Appleton. In December, 1836, he entered on his work in Harvard.

Longfellow's life in Cambridge had about it something of ideal perfection. Craigie House, which was first his lodging, and after his marriage to Miss Appleton in 1843, his home, stands amid elms and hedges, a roomy, many-windowed house from which you see the salt marshes and winding stream of the Charles. The professors among whom Longfellow found himself were genial able men, bound together by lofty sympathies and hearty love and respect for each other and each other's work. Felton, Sumner, Hillard, Cleveland, and Longfellow were especially drawn together by the delightful dining and talking association of the "Five of Clubs." If one wrote anything, the others admired it. When Felton reviewed *Evangeline* in the *North American Review*, some one underscored the poet's name in a copy of the article, 'Insured in the Mutual.' Good-health, a happy marriage, worldly prosperity, friends, congenial work, — Longfellow might have feared the fate of Polycrates.

Almost immediately with his entry into Craigie House begins the long series of poems that made his name everywhere honoured and beloved. The *Psalm of Life*, *Footsteps of Angels*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *Midnight*

Mass, The Beleaguered City, etc., all appear in Longfellow's first volume of verse, *Voices of the Night*, 1839. Two years later followed *Ballads and Other Poems*, containing other of the poet's best known pieces—*The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *Maidenhood*, *Excelsior*. How familiar these names are to everybody, every child even! What better proof could be of the universal charm he has exercised over this age. Then came *Evangeline* and *Miles Standish*, and the various collections of poems in *Seaside and Fireside*, *Birds of Passage*, and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hiawatha*, the epic of the Indian, and *The Golden Legend*, the epic of medievalism, which finally formed with *Christus* and the *New England Tragedies* a Divine Tragedy portraying three aspects of Christianity. There are also two more volumes of prose, *Hyperion* and *Kavenagh*, which by no means equal Longfellow's poetry.

One great sorrow overcast the poet's later life. The sonnet,

In the long sleepless watches of the night,
depicts at once the martyrdom of fire by which his wife died and the cross of snow that her death laid upon his breast. In 1880, *Ultima Thule* announced that the poet was reaching the goal of all human steps. On March 24th, 1882, he died, with these words fresh from his pen:

Out of the shadow of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

It is this spirit of light that pervades all Longfellow's work. He was essentially an interpretative genius, the apostle of old-world culture preaching in the midst of a new, vigorous, but on the whole unlettered community. Yet his translations, exquisite as they are, his

books of travel, sunny as the lands they depict, are only the most evident part of his mission. More than any other poet he has made the thoughts and feelings born of a wide acquaintance with literature the daily possession of most English readers. The people found in Longfellow one who reached their hearts by appeals to a common elemental nature. For these Longfellow has written poems which inspire and console, and through the power of tender sympathy help to refine and elevate and temper. Most readers have found a peculiar charm in those poems of Longfellow's that take hold of the commonplace and raise it, idealize it, and with a fancy skyborn yet shining about them, present it in a new light, beautiful with a beauty not too fine for simple and good hearts. To diffuse and popularize the truths of poetry, to bring strength, sunshine, and the stirrings of a better life to multitudes of men and women, this is Longfellow's mission. His honoured place among lyric poets is incontestable, and by at least one extensive poem he has found a place among our best descriptive poets. The succession of lovely pictures,—the peaceful village, the primeval forest, the autumnal landscape, the silent aisles of Southern bayous, the limitless prairies, the inaccessible mountains where sing the silver cords of mighty torrents, the ocean moaning hoarsely among its rocky caverns,—these will be held in loving memory while Time with unfading laurel crowns the idyll of *Evangeline*.

In ~~happier~~ ^{happier} homes he saw the light
Of household fires, gleam ~~and~~ ^{clear} and bright,
And far o'er head the glories & shone
His lips breath'd with a stifled groan

Exealsur

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
Dark lowers the tempest over-head.
The waving turret is deep & wide!"
And clear ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~voice~~ ^{clayey} voice replied

Exealsur

At break of day, as he went
The monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the frosty air
Excelsior!

And as the
Therapian monks of Saint Bernard
In haste the convent gate unbar'd
They heard amid the falling snow
More faint that monk's wife of yore
Excelsior

And guided by the faithful hound,
A frozen, lifeless horse they found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
The banner with the strange device
Excelsior.

COLERIDGE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

FACILE credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. BURNET. *ARCHÆOL. PHIL.* p. 68.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.

“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?”

An ancient
Mariner
meeteth
three gal-
lants bidden
to a wedding-
feast, and
detaineth
one.

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
 "There was a ship," quoth he. 10
 "Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is
 spell-bound
 by the eye of
 the old sea-
 faring man,
 and con-
 strained to
 hear his
 tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The wedding-guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child : 15
 The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner. 20

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward
 with a good
 wind and fair
 weather, till
 it reached
 the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he ! 25
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon— 30
 The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

3

10 The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

35 The wedding-guest
heareth the
bridal music ;
but the ma-
riner con-
tinueth his
tale.

15 The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on the ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

40

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship
drawn by a
storm toward
the south
pole.

20 With sloping mast and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And south ward aye we fled.

45

50

25 And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

30 And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

55 The land of
ice and of
fearful
sounds,
where no
living thing
was to be
seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around : 60
 It cracked and growled, and roared and
 howled,
 Like noises in a swound !

Till a great
 sea-bird,
 called the
 Albatross,
 came
 through
 the snow-fog
 and was re-
 ceived with
 great joy
 and hospi-
 tality.

At length did cross an albatross,
 Though the fog it came ;
 As if it had been a Christian soul, 65
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
 The helmsman steered us through ! 70

And lo ! the
 albatross
 proveth a
 bird of good
 omen, and
 followeth
 the ship as
 it returned
 northward
 through fog
 and floating
 ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
 The albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75
 It perched for vespers nine ;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moon-shine.

The ancient
 Mariner
 inhospitably
 killeth the
 pious bird of
 good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner !
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus !— 80
 Why look'st thou so ?"—With my crossbow
 I shot the albatross.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

5

PART II.

60
and
65
The sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

85

70
And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow.
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo !

90

75
And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

95
His ship-
mates cry
out against
the ancient
Mariner for
killing the
bird of good
luck.

80
Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

100

But when
the fog
cleared off
they justify
the same,
and thus
make them-
selves ac-
complices in
the crime.

The fair
breeze con-
tinues; the
ship enters
the Pacific
Ocean, and
sails north-
ward, even
till it reaches
the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. 105

The ship
hath been
suddenly
becalm'd.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak on'y to break
The silence of the sea! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. 115

And the al-
batross be-
gins to be
avenged.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink. 120

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea. 125

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

130

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning

whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought 135
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

The ship-mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

140

PART III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time ! a weary time ! 145

How glazed each weary eye,
 When looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

The ancient
 Mariner be-
 holdeth a
 sign in the
 element afar
 off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist ; 150
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
 And still it neared and neared :
 As if it dodged a water-sprite, 155
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him
 to be a ship ;
 and at a dear
 ransom he
 freeth his
 speech from
 the bonds of
 thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail ;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, 160
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call :

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. 9

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of
joy;
165

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror
follows. For
can it be a
ship that
comes on-
ward without
wind or tide?
170

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

175

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of a
ship.

180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting sun.
The spectre-
woman and
her death-
mate, and no
other on
board the
skeleton-
ship.

185

Like vessel,
like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and
Life-in-
Death have
diced for the
ship's crew,
and she (the
latter) win-
neth the
ancient
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came, 195
And the twain were casting dice ;
"The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

The sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ; 200
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising
of the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip ! 205
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed
white ;

From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

One after
another,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

215

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His ship-
mates drop
down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

220 But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on
the ancient
Mariner.

PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou are long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.¹

225 The wed-
ding guest
feareth that
a spirit is
talking to
him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so browl."—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

230 But the an-
cient Mari-
ner assureth
him of his
bodily life,
and proceed-
eth to relate
his horrible
penance.

¹ For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed."

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide wide sea !
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

235

He despiseth
 the creatures
 of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful !
 And they all dead did lie :
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived on ; and so did I.

And envieth
 that they
 should live,
 and so many
 lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
 And drew my eyes away ;
 I looked upon the rotting deck,
 And there the dead men lay.

240

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

245

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
 sky

250

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the
 curse liveth
 for him in

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they :

The look with which they looked on me 255 the eye of
Had never passed away. the dead
men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye ! 260
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside— 265
In his loneli-
ness and
fixedness he
yearneth to-
wards the
journeying
moon, and
the stars that
still sojourn.
yet still move onward ; and every where the blue sky belongs to them,
and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own
natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are cer-
tainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burned alway 270
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light 275
Fell off in hoary flakes.
By the light
of the moon
he beholdeth
God's crea-
tures of the
great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire :
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam ; and every track 280
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness. O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare :
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware : 285
 He blesseth them in his heart.
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break. The selfsame moment I could pry ;
 And from my neck so free
 The albatross fell off, and sank 290
 Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole !
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !
 She sent the gentle sleep from heaven, 290
 That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the
 The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. 15

I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

300 ancient Ma-
riner is re-
freshed with
rain.

280 My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

285 I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

305

290 And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

310 He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions
in the sky
and the ele-
ment.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

315

0 And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud ;

320

The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

325

The bodies
 of the ship's
 crew are
 inspired, and
 the ship
 moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ; 335
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

340

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee :
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

But not by
 the souls of
 the men, not
 by demons

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"
 Be calm, thou wedding-guest ;

345

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

of earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed troop
of angelic
spirits, sent
down by the
invocation of
the guardian
saint.

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,

351

And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

355

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

360

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

365

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,

370

That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lone-
some spirit
from the
south-pole
carries on
the ship as
far as the
line, in obe-
dience to the
angelic
troop, but
still re-
quireth
vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

380

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she *gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

385

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound ;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

390

The Polar
spirit's fel-
low demons,
the invisible
inhabitants
of the

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,

395

I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

element, to
part in his
wrong; and
two of them
relate, one
to the other,
that penance
long and
heavy for
the ancient
Mariner
hath been
accorded to
the Polar
spirit, who
returneth
southward.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;

410

415

380

385

390

395

His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

420

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner
hath been
cast into a
trance ; for
the angelic
power caus-
eth the vessel
to drive
northward
faster than
human life
could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

425

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The super-
natural mo-
tion is re-
tarded ; the
Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

430

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

435

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. 21

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen— 445

The curse is
finally expi-
ated.

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend 450
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too :

Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?

405

And the
cient Mart-
ner behold-
eth his native
country.

Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.

470

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

475

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

480

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,

And appear
in their own
forms of
light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:

485

I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!

510

I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;

When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

" Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)

I am a-feared"—" Push on, push on ! " 540
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard. 545

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship
suddenly
sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat. 555

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked 560
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha ! ha !" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly
entreateth
the hermit
to shrieve
him; and
the penance
of life falls
on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !"
The hermit crossed his brow. 575
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,

Which forced me to begin my tale; 580
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future
life and
agony con-
straineth him
to travel
from land to
land ;

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell, 595
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk, 605
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own
 example,
 love and re-
 verence to
 all things
 that God
 made and
 loveth. 610

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou wedding-guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small; 615
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone: and now the wedding-guest 620
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn. 625

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young!

5

When I was young?—Ah, woful *when*!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt *now* and *then*!
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flashed along:—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I liv'd in't together.

10

15

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;
 O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.
 Ere I was old!

20

Ere I was old? Ah woful *ere*,
 Which tells me, 'Youth's no longer here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known, that thou and I were one;
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that thou art gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe, that thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size:
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but thought: so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve!
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old:

That only serves to makes us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismiss,
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

WORDSWORTH.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND
SHOWER.

[THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.]

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

5

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

10

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

15

The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend ; 20
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motion of the Storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear 25
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 (And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face. 30

And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live 35
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run !
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ; 40
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

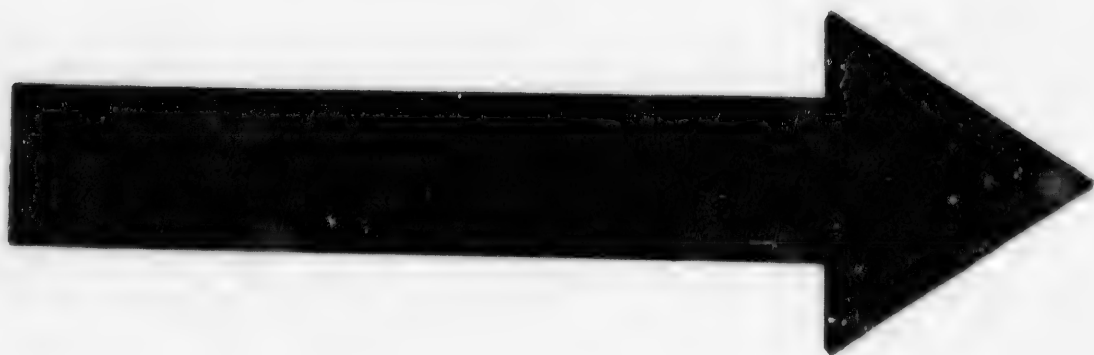
WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book

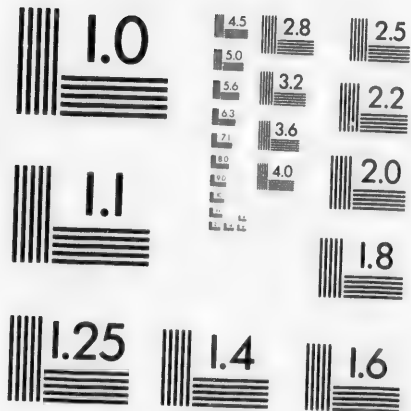
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry: and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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LONDON, 1802.

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour :

England hath need of thee : she is a fen

Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, *for men*

Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;

Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea : 10

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,

In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

TO THE DAISY.

35

TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy ! oft I talk to thee,

For thou art worthy,

Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,

5

Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease

I sit, and play with similes,

10

Loose types of things through all degrees,

Thoughts of thy raising :

And many a fond and idle name

I give to thee, for praise or blame,

As is the humour of the game,

15

While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port ;

Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,

In thy simplicity the sport

Of all temptations ;

20

A queen in crown of rubies drest ;

A starveling in a scanty vest ;

Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye 25
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold, 30
That spreads itself some faery bold
In fight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are 35
In heaven above thee !

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee ! 40

Bright *Flower* ! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature !
That breath'st with me in sun and air, 45
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature !

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

[A LESSON.]

25 THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

30 When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm, 5
Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

35 But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed,
And recognized it, though an altered form, 10
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

40 I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
“ It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :
This neither is its courage nor its choice, 15
But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
It cannot help itself in its decay ;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue.”
45 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey. 20

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;

I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie 5
Sleepless ! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees ;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth : 10
So do not let me wear to-night away :

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense

And glorious Work of fine intelligence ! —
Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, 5
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

[To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain : 10
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.]

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood 15
Of harmony, with instinct more divine :
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

WHY ART THOU SILENT? IS THY LOVE A
PLANT.

[TO A DISTANT FRIEND.]

5
1! WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
in, Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

10 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant— 5
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

15 Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to
hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine, 19
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may
know!

CAMPBELL.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

5

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

10

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

15

HOHENLINDEN.

43

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

20

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

25

Few, few, shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

30

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

45

Whi's the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

20

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow :
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

25

30

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

35

40

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone; 5
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat, 10
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path, 15
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene; 20
 And her van the fleetest rush'd
 O'er the deadly space *between. intervening*
 'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

47

From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

25

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:--
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

30

35

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'—

40

45

VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;

And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day. 50
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise ! 55
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep, 60
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !—

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true, 65
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles, 70
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !—

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR. 49

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

[THE RIVER OF LIFE.]

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth, 5
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker, 10
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death, 15
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding ;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding? 20

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth, a *seeming length*,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

LONGFELLOW.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE
PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! 5
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way; 10
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating 15
Funeral marches to the grave.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

51

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

20

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

25

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

30

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

35

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite 5
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends, 10
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving boughs, 15
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they :
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day. 20

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

53

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !”
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

25

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

30

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

35

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful
And still I thought of thee.

40

Long was the prayer he uttered, *used words*
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

45

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;
Thou art no longer here :
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

45

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

50

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

55

Handwritten notes in cursive script, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. Some legible words include "field", "cloud", "sun", "past", "distant", "field".

THE DAY IS DONE.

55

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

5

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

10

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

15

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

20

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

25

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

30

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

35

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

40

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse
ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours !
Jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never !
Never—forever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never !
Never—forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,

It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor.
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude *regular changes*
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;
 The stranger feasted at his board ;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

There groups of merry children played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time !
 Even as a miser counts his gold,

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

59

Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;

50

There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!

55

Never—forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”

60

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
For ever there, but never here!

65

The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—

70

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD.

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port, 5
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ; 10
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been, 15
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again ; 20

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

61

And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark ;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

25

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

30

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

35

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

40

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

45

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying, 5
And mornings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise, 10
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers 15
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death. 20

RESIGNATION.

63

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, 25
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air; 30
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken, 35
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child; 40

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion 45
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ; 50
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

5

10

15

20

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, *want* 25
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure, *real*
With a firm and ample base ; 30
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain, 35
And one boundless reach of sky.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events, 5
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less; 10
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings 15
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;— 20

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain

In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

25

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

30

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

35

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

40

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

45

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon, 5
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover, 10
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions, 15
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well. 20

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure, 25
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast, 30
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of men, and surnamed the Destroyer, 35
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom. 40

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited, 45
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

EVANGELINE.

71

EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

25
30 This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.

35 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh- 5
boring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

40 This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Aca-
dian farmers,—

45 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the 10
woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image
of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-
ever departed !
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts
of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village 15
of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,
and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines
of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of 20
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to
the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons 25
the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away
to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty 30
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and
of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign
of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and 35
gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the
doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
 brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on
 the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
 kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the 40
 golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
 within doors
Mingled their sounds with the whirl of the wheels
 and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
 the children
Paused in their play to kiss the and he extended
 to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose 45
 matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
 welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and
 serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from
 the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
 the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense 50
 ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice
of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their 55
windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts
of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-
Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing 60
his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen 65
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the 70
maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of
beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and 75
the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as
an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction 80
upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the
farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a
shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-
ing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and 85
a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a
penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of
Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well 90
with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were
the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique
ploughs and the harrows ;
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his
feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with 95
the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-
age. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a
staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-
loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno- 100
cent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant
breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of
mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer
of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened 105
his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest
devotion ;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem
of her garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness
befriended,

And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of
her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the 110
knocker of iron ;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the
village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he
whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the
music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was
welcome ;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black- 115
smith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of
all men ;

For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father 120
Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to 125
behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire
of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering
darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every 130
cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring
bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in
the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into
the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the
eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the 135
meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on
the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which
the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of
its fledglings ;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the
swallow !

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer 140
were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of
the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a
woman.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called ; for that
was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their 145
orchards with apples ;

She too would bring to her husband's house delight
and abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow
colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from 150
the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical
islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds
of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with
the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded 155
their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters
asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the
foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that
beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of
All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; 160
and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless
heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in
harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the
farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of 165
pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and
the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors
around him ;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and
yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree
of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with 170
mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection
and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twi-
light descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks
on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh- 175
ness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks
from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them 180
followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of
his instinct;

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept;
their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry 185
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from
the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes
and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels 190
of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with
blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular
cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets
descended.
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in 195
the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the
barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly
the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames 200
and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind
him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into
darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-
chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates 205
on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies
the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of
Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before
him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian
vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline 210
seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner
behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent
shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the
drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments
together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at inter- 215
vals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest
at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,
suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back
on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil 220
the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was
with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps
paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place
on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty
without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of 225
tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through the
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial
face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist
of the marches."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the
blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire- 230
side:—

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou has ever thy jest and
thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up
a horseshoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline 235
brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued:—

“Four days now are passed since the English ships at
their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his 240
Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the
mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the
people.”

Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some
friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the har-
vests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been 215
blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their
cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said,
warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh,
he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor
Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its 250
outskirts,
Waiting with anxious heart the dubious fate of to-
morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons
of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the
scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks 255
and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's
cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow
of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of
the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of 200
the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the
glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for
a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and
inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our
children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in 265
her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father
had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the
ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the 270
maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and
glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a
hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he 275
languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of
the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or
suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and
childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the 280
forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the
horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who
unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers
of children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the
stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a 285
nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover
and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the
village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the
blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending
his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard 290
the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships
and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary
public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard. in sooth, yet am never
the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know not better than
others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten- 295
tion
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then
molest us ?"
"God's name !" shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible blacksmith ;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the 300
notary public,—

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice 305
was done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes 310
of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble- 315
man's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a
suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the house-
hold.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit 320
ascended,
Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the
thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from
its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of
the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was 325
inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language ;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,
as the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the 330
table,

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the
village of Grand-Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and
inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the
parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and 335
in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were
completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the
margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the
table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the 340
bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and
departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fire-
side,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its
corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the 345
old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was
made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's
embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the
moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mists of the 350
meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from
the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway

Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in 355
the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with
gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on
the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline 360
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-
ness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her
chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,
and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were care- 365
fully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her
husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill
as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, 370
till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides
of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her 375
lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling
of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in
the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a
moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely
the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow 380
her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar!

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous 385
labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates
of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the
young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous 390
meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels
in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on
the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped 305
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted :

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,

All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant :

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ; 400
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-
come and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she
gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of be-
trothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the 405
notary seated ;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the black-
smith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and
the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played
on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of 410
the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown
from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his
fiddle,

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de*
Dunquerque,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying 415
dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the
blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a 420
summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows
a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. With-
out, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from
the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching 425
proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling
and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of
the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the 430
steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Maj-
esty’s orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but now you have
answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and
my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be 435
grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch ;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle
of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves
from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable 440
people !
Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's
pleasure !"
As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of
summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the
hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters
his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch 445
from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-
closures ;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of
the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and
anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to 450
the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the
heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and 455
wildly he shouted,—

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have
sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand
of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to
the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con- 460
tention,

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of
the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he aved
into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his
people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured 455
and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the
clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what mad-
ness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one an-
other!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers 470
and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and for-
giveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is
gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy 475
compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked
assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts
of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the pas- 480
sionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father,
forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed
from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the
people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the
Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, 485
with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of
ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women
and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her
right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, 490
descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor,
and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned
its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on
the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant
with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh
brought from the dairy,
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of
the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the
sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambro-
sial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the
village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of
the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they
departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of 505
their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmer-
ing vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descend-
ing from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evange-
line lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the 510
the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by
emotion,

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but
no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house
of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was 515
the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her
chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by
the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the 520
echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the
world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the
justice of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully
slumbered till morning.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on
the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the 525
farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful pro-
cession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the
Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to
the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road 530
and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on
the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some frag-
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and
there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did the 535
boats ply;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the
village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his
setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from
the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in 540
gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes
and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary
and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives 545
and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together
their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission
and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women 550
that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sun-
shine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in
silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction,—

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession 555
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whispered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one an-
other

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances 560
may happen!”

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused,
for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was
his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from
his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart
in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and 565
embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort
availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mourn-
ful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, 570
too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with
her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down,
and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the 575
refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the
sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the
slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and
the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near 580
them.
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
farmers
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing
ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and
leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the
sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from 585
their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk
from their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars
of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand
of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no
Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights 590
from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had
been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were
gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the
crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in 595
his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing
and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-
shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat
with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old
man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either cool
thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have
been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to
cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked
not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering
fire-light.
"Benedicte!" murmured the priest, in tones of com-
passion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full,
and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child
on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful pres-
ence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of
the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above
them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and
sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together
in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn
the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the
horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain
and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of
the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that
lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame
were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
thatch, and uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their 625
anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of
Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing
of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs
interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleep- 630
ing encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the
Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the
river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly 635
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened
before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent
companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad
on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had de- 640
parted.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on
his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a 645
multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully
gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-
passion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces
around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering 650
senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people,—

"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier
season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land
of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the
churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in 655
haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of
sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast
congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with 660
the dirges.

'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste
of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the
harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the 665
village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of
Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ; 670
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas, —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where 675
the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to
the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despair-
ing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend
nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the 680
churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and
wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all
things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her ex-
tended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its
pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and 685
suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and
abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is
marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in
the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect,
unfinished ;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun- 690
shine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly de-
scended

Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the
fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of
the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and 695
endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps
in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for- 700
ward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her
beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh yes! we
have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone
to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and 705
trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh yes! we
have seen him.
He is a Voyager in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and
wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as 710
loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has
loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be
happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's
tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,
"I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, 715
and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illu-
mines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus
speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was 720
wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full
of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to
the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy
work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance 725
is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart
is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven ! ”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline labored
and waited,

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the
ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that 730
whispered, “ Despair not ! ”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless
discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of
existence.

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer’s foot-
steps ;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year
of existence ;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s course through 735
the valley :

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of
its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals
only ;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms
that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous
murmur ;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches
an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful
River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the
Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Missis-
sippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian
boatmen.
It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the
shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-
gether,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common
misfortune ;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or
by hearsay,

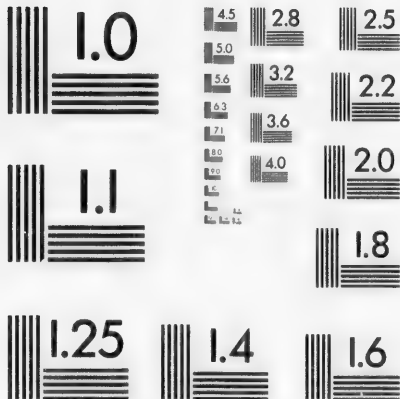
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-
acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope- 750
lousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the
Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on
its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, 755
where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept
with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-
bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of
their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the 760
river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and
dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns per-
 petual summer,
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves
 orange and citron,
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east- 765
 ward.
 They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering
 the Bayou of Plaquemine,
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
 waters,
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
 direction.
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of
 the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid- 770
 air
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
 cathedrals.
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by
 the herons
 Come to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
 sunset,
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
 laughter.
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed 775
 on the water,
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustain-
 ing the arches,



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them ;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder
and sadness, —
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be 780
compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the
prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of
evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom
has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that 785
faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through
the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the
shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered
before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer
and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one 790
of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradven-
ture
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy
the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the
forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred 795
to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the
darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed 800
through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the
forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the 805
grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades ; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undula-
tions
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,
the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat- 810
men.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan
islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to
slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were 815
suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by
the margin,
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on
the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers
slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and
the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of
Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-
scending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blos-
som to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered
beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an
opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions
celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless
islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and
trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful
and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and
a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed
in the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,
were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumber-
ing maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on
the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in
the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague supersti-
tion?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credu-
lous fancy!"

Unto ears like thine such words as these have
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as
he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to
me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on
the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor
is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur
and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again
to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his
sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of
fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of
the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana!"

With these words of cheer they arose and continued
their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western
horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the 865
landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and
mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of
silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the mo-
tionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible 870
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of
feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,
wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the
water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious 875
music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring
to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamen-
tation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad 880
in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on
the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the 885
woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbor-
ing dwelling ;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing
of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks,
from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at 800
Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns 805
supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious
veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended
around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the
garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual
symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of 900
rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and
sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself
was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly ex-
panding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke
rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a 905
pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the
limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly de-
scending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy
canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm
in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape- 910
vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of
the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of
deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its ⁹¹⁵
master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that
were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the
landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding

Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that ⁹²⁰
resounded

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air
of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the
cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of
ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the ⁹²⁵
distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advanc-
ing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe
as he said it,—

“Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and 945
my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his
spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet exist-
ence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to 950
maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the
Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark
Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive 955
lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of
the morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his
prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks
of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the 960
fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on
Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mor-
tals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his
fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian
minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and 965
straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting
the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,

Hailed with with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant 970
 blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
 demeanor ;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and
 the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his
 who would take them ;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go
 and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy 975
 veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the
 supper of Basil
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted
 together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-
 scended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape
 with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but 980
 within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the
 glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table,
 the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away
from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your
farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from
his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down ¹⁰⁰⁰
on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,
astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to
his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
milder and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the
fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian cli- ¹⁰⁰⁵
mate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in
in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-
steps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil ¹⁰¹⁰
the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro- 1015
ceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious
fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to
the maddening

Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed to
the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of flutter- 1020
ing garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest
and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within
her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible 1025
sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into
the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of
the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On
the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous
gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and 1030
devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of
the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the 1035
magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-
ings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade
of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measure-
less prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-
flies

Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite
numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel
and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of
that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
"Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and
the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my
beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold
thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not
reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the
prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood-
lands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in
thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded
about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the notes of the whippoor-
will sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the 1055
neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into
silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness:

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers
of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and an- 1060
nointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases
of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, 1065
with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already
were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sun-
shine, and gladness,
Swiftly they follow the flight of him who was speed-
ing before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the
desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that suc- 1070
ceeded,
Found they the trace of his course, in lake or forest
or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but
vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and
desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the 1075
garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and
companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the
mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lumin-
ous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the 1080
gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's
wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and
Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the
Nebraska ;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the 1085
Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind
of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to
the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,
beautiful prairies ,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun- 1090
shine,

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk
and the roebuck ;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of rider-
less horses ;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary
with travel ;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children,

Staining the desert with blood ; and above their ter-
rible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vul-
ture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in
battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these
savage marauders ;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-
running rivers ;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of
the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by
the brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
Mountain .
Gabriel ~~far~~ had entered, with hunters and trappers
behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden
and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to
overtake him
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke 1110
of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but
at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their
bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and 1115
vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently
entered
Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose
features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as
her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her
people,

From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Ca- 1120
manches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,
had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest
and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the
embers.
But when they meal was done, and Basil and all his 1125
companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the
deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where
the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her 1130
Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains,
and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that
another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been
disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's
 compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered 1135
 was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she
 had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the
 tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and 1140
 wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from
 the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
 sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far
 into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a
 weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed 1145
 by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the
 hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love
 to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through
 the forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her
people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline 1150
listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region
around her

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest
the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendor

Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and fill- 1155
ing the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and
the branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,

Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of 1160
the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of
spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a
moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a
phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed ; 1165
and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western
slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the
Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary
and Jesus.

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with
pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline 1170
answered,

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings
await us !"

Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur
of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of
voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a
river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the 1175
Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the
village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by
grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the
intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their ves-
pers,
Mingled its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of
the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening
devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction
had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the
hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers,
and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in
the forest,

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into 1190
his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes
of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd
of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden 1195
reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued
his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an
accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter
the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have
departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; 1200
“but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the
Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and
submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and
afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on
the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides 1205
and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at
the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each
other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize
that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came,
now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, 1210
and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged
by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a
lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in
the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her 1215
lover.
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and
thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as
the magnet ;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has
planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's 1220
journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
Passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of
fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here- 1225
after
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—
yet Gabriel came not ;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the
robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel
came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was 1230
wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw
River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of
St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the 1235
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan
forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to
ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons
and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering 1240
maiden;—

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the
army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-
membered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long 1246
journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her
beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and
the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray
o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly 1250
horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
morning.

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-
ware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city
he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem 1255
of beauty.

And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of
the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he de- 1260
parted,

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets of
the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no
longer a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of
the Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-
plaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.

As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the 1270
morning

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below
us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and
hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the
pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair 1275
in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his
image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she
beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was
not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, 1280
but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and
not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air 128
with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;
frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the
city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from 1290
the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the
watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in
the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her
taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow 1295
through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits
for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the
city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of
wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their 1300
craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake
in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of ex-
istence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, 1305
the oppressor ;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger ;—
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of mead-
ows and woodlands ;—
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gate- 1310
way and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem
to echo

Softly the words of the Lord :—" The poor ye always
have with you."

Thither by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to be-
hold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and
apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a dis-
tance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,

Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would
enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-
serted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the
almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in
the garden ;

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their
fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, 1325
cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the
belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows
were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in
their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on
her spirit :
Something within her said, " At length thy trials are 1330
ended " ;
And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-
bers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous careful at-
tendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and conceal-
ing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow 1335
by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline en-
tered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,
for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls
of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it 1340
forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night
time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of
wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a
shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets 1345
dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of
the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an
old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded 1350
his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier
manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are
dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be- 1355
sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass
over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths
in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and
sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied 1360
reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that
succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,

"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of
his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among 1365
them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking
under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, 1380
I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from
its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are
sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-
yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside 1385
them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased
from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the 1390
shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-
guage.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neigh-
boring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

NOTES.

NOTES.

COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Circumstances of composition and publication.—In November, 1796, Coleridge had taken up his residence in Somersetshire in the village of Nether Stowey. Thither in July of the following year came Wordsworth to settle in Alfoxden, three miles distant, to be within reach of Coleridge's society. There the *Ancient Mariner* (*A. M.*) was planned and composed. The story of its origin is told in most detail by Wordsworth in a note to *We are Seven*, dictated to Miss Fenwick:—

“In the autumn of 1797 (spring of 1798, Knight) he [Coleridge], my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visiting Linton (Lenton, Knight) and the Valley of Stones near to it; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to pay the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the “New Monthly Magazine,” set up by Phillips, the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills [near Nether Stowey], towards Watchet; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the *Ancient Mariner*, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Craikshank [a neighbour of the poet's]. Much the greater part of the

story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I myself suggested: for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock's Voyages, a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen (fifteen, Knight) feet: "Suppose," said I, "you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to revenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

'And listen'd like a three years' child;
The Mariner had his will.'

These trifling contributions all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days...by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The *Ancient Mariner* grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited

to our expectations of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume.—*Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, i.107; Knight, i.198 f.

Coleridge's account shows the philosophic side. His conversation, he said, with Wordsworth often turned on "two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination.... The thought suggested itself that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence arrived at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real.... For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life.... In this idea originated the plan of the Lyrical Ballads; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to poems and characters supernatural, or at least to romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.... With this view I wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing among other poems, *The Dark Ladie*, and the *Christabel*.—Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, chap. xiv.

The very memorable volume in which Coleridge and Wordsworth thus collaborated was the *Lyrical Ballads*, published in Bristol and London in 1798.

The history of the text.—The *A. M.* in its present form shews the result of many years' changes and revisions. The first printed version of the poem, in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, was no sooner published than the work of revision began. Later editions show decided modifications. Already

in 1802 archaisms of spelling and language become rarer, and much of the grotesqueness and weakness of the original draft is pruned off. In *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, these modifications are completed. The marginal gloss here first appears, and the motto from Burnet, and the poem with the exception of a few lines has attained its permanent form. In 1828 the poet collected and arranged his poems, and the text of the *A. M.* had its final revision. In 1829 was issued the last edition on which the poet bestowed his personal attention. There remained for the edition of 1835 only the reduction of the orthography, especially the use of capital letters, to present usage. Our text is therefore founded on the edition of 1829, while it follows the orthography of the edition of 1835.

The various modifications of the text, other than spelling and punctuation, are noted from the following editions:—

(1) 1798, *Lyrical Ballads, with a Few Other Poems*. London, pp. 1-52.

(2) 1802, *Lyrical Ballads, with Pastoral and other Poems*. By William Wordsworth, London, 1802 (3rd edition). i. 143-189.

(3) 1805, the same (4th ed.)

(4) 1817, *Sibylline Leaves: A Collection of Poems*. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq., London, 1817. pp. 1-39.

(5) 1829, *The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge*.... London, 1829. ii. 1-38.

(6) 1835, the same. London and Boston, 1835. ii. 1-27.

The gloss.—The marginal gloss, which is at times a summary, at times a commentary of the text, was, as we noted, entirely absent in the editions previous to 1817. On the other hand the earlier editions had the following Argument preceding the poem, which was afterwards incorporated into the gloss:—

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from

there she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own country. 1798 ed., p. 8.

The Gloss, like the numerous archaisms of vocabulary, phrase, and construction contained in the poem, adds to its archaic character, making it a closer imitation of the older literature, in which marginal glosses abound.

Sources. As already noted, the kernel of the story—the voyage, and spectral persecution for killing the albatross—are Wordsworth's suggestion, due to Shelvocke's *Voyage* (see *A. M.* 63*n.*). Cruikshank's dream, already referred to, supplied the notion of a skeleton ship, manned by skeleton figures, though the legend of the Phantom Ship (*A. M.* 161*n.*) suggests many details. For the description of the Sea of Ice, and of the Pacific, C. drew on his reading,—Crantz's *History of Greenland*, etc. The power of fascination possessed by the Mariner was not unknown to the poet himself in his own conversation (*Table Talk*, i. 234*n.*). The Wedding Guest is the usual object of ghostly apparitions in the English and German literature of horrors contemporary with Coleridge, by which, especially in the *A. M.* 1798, he was not a little influenced. It has also been suggested (Brandl) that the witch in *Macbeth*, i. iii., who would sail in a sieve to persecute a mariner.

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost,—

has kinship with Life-in-Death. Also that the navigation of the ship by the lonely Mariner, the aid of the angelic host, the arrival into port, and welcome by the boatmen, are all paralleled by the story that Paulinus of Nora told to Vicarius, Vice-Perfect of Rome (latter half of 4th cent.).

Influences much stronger and more certain than these last came from the ballad literature of Britain, in which Coleridge took a deep interest, along with most of his contem-

poraries in England and Germany. No more striking proof of the part taken in the rise of the Romantic Movement (see *Introd.*) by such collections as Percy's *Reliques* can be adduced than the way in which the phraseology and constructions and general style of the ballads are preserved in the *A.M.*, one of the greatest products of the movement (see *A. M. nn.* for details).

To the ballad literature we owe likewise the metre of the poem. Only, where the ballads were irregular by carelessness, C. was irregular by art, using his variations to accord with the mood and substance of his subject. His use of sectional rime, too, while not unknown in the latest ballads, shows the exquisite metrist rather than the writer of popular ballads.

Page 1. Title. The Rime, etc. In 1800-5, The Ancient Mariner, a Poet's Reverie.

The use of *Rime* with the meaning of tale in verse is archaic.

Other tales certes can [know] I noon [none]
But of a ryme I lerned longe agoon [ago].

—Chaucer, *C. T.*, *Sir Thopas*, Prol.

(*AS. rim*, number, *OFr. rime*, verse, rime.)

The motto. Facile credo. Added in 1817. "I can easily believe, that there are more Invisible than Visible beings in the Universe.....; but who will declare to us the family of all these, and acquaint us with the Agreements, Differences, and peculiar Talents which are to be found among them? [What is their work? Where are their dwelling-places?] It is true, Human Wit has always desired a Knowledge of these Things, though it has never yet attained it....I will own that it is very profitable, sometimes to contemplate in the Mind, as in a Draught, the Image of the greater and better World; lest the Soul being accustomed to the Trifles of this present Life, should contract itself too much, and altogether rest in mean Cogitations; but, in the mean Time, we must take Care to keep to the Truth, and observe Moderation,

that we may distinguish Certain from Uncertain Things, and Day from Night." Tr. of 2nd ed., by Mr. Mead and Mr. Foxton, Lond., 1736, p. 86 f.

Thomas Burnet (1635?–1715), from whose *Archæologiæ Philosophicæ*—a treatise on the Origin of Things—the extract is drawn, was Master of the Charter-house School and Chaplain to William III.; author likewise of other Latin works,—*The Sacred Theory of the Earth, The Faith and Duties of Christians*, etc.

PART I.

1. 1.—It is an ancient Mariner. This archaism is imitated from the ballads.

It was a Friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades.

—*The Friar of Orders Gray*, l. 1. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

It was a Knight in Scotland borne, etc.

—*The Fair Flower of Northumberland*, l. 1. (Child's *Ballads*, i. 113.)

ancient. Suggesting not only aged but also belonging to olden times.

"It was a delicate thought to put the weird tale not into the author's own mouth, but into that of an ancient mariner, who relates it with dreamy recollection."—Brandl, p. 202.

1. 3.—By thy long gray beard. Swearing by the beard is not rare in older literature.

Touch. Swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, i. ii.

Cf. *Richard of Almaine*, ll. 32, 38. (Percy's *Reliques*).

But here it is more than an expletive. It gives picturesque suggestion of the appearance of the Mariner without the effort of description.

l. 3.—and glittering eye . 1798-1805, and thy glittering eye . The glitter of the eye characterizes some kinds of insanity.

l. 4.—stopp'st thou me? 1798-1805, Stoppest me?

l. 8.—May'st hear. This omission of "thou" is somewhat frequent in older literature in questions, and not unknown in statements. (Abbott, *Shaks. Gr.* §§241, 401.)

It was she

First told me thou wast mad; then [thou] cam'st in smiling.

—*Twelfth Night*, ii. iii. 121 f.

Page 2. l. 9. He holds him, etc. The 1798 ed. reads:

But still he holds the wedding-guest—

There was a Ship, quoth he—

"Nay, if thou's got a laughsome tale,

"Marinere! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

Quoth he, there was a Ship—

"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!

Or my staff shall make thee skip."

ll. 9, 13.—He holds him.... He holds him. The repetition here and throughout the poem (see ll. 23 f, 25 f, 29, 59 f, 68, etc.) should be noted as a leading stylistic peculiarity of the *A. M.* Though used by C. with infinitely greater effect and variety than it was used in the ballads, it has still its source in the ballad literature. Compare, for example,

And when the(y) came to Kyng Adlands halls,
Of red gold shone their weeds [garments].

And when they came to Kyng Adlands hall
Before the goodlye gate. etc.

—*King Estmere*, l. 31 ff. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

Now Chr'iste thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see [protect]!

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe....

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold....

—*The Child of Elle*, ll. 13, 14, 21, 25. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all....
 Late late yestreen [yester(day) even] I saw the new moone....
 O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit....
 O lang, lang, may the ladies stand.

—*Sir Patrick Spence*, ll. 21, 25, 33, 37. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 11.—**gray-beard loon.** The loon is a water-fowl that affords, from its behaviour when frightened, a stock comparison for oddly behaving people. Cf. "crazy as a loon."

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;

—*The Heir of Linne*, l. 69. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon.

—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, v. iii. 11.

l. 12.—**eftsoons.** A compound of eft, AS. *æft*, (cf. *after*), again, after; and soon, AS. *sōne*, soon, with adverbial suffix *s* (cf. while, whiles):—soon after; or here, at once, 'forthwith.' An archaism from Spenser and the ballads:

Eftsoones he gan apply relief
 Of salves and med'cines.

—Spenser, *F.Q.*, i. x. xxiv.

And eke the stout St. George eftsoon
 He made the dragon follow.

—*St. George for England*, l. 299 f. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 15.—**Three years' child.**—1798, three year's child; 1817, 1829, three years child:

l. 22.—**drop.** Put to sea with the ebbing tide.

l. 23.—**kirk.**—The Scotch and Northern English form of *church* (AS. *cyric*), preserving the *c*'s hard, while Midland and Southern English assibilated them.

The touches of Northern dialect in *A.M.* are significant proof of the influence of Northern ballad poetry. "There is scarcely," says Percy, "an old historical song or ballad, wherein a minstrel or harper appears but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been 'of the north country.'"

l. 32.—**bassoon.** A reed-instrument, keyed like a clarinet, but blown from the side by a bent metal mouthpiece. It furnishes the bass for the wood wind-instruments, such

as the flutes, clarinets, etc. (Ital. *bassone*, augmentative of *basso*, low.)

Page 3. l. 34.—Red as a rose. A stock comparison in the ballads.

Her cheeks were like the roses red,

—*Dowsabell*, l. 92. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 35.—**goes.** 1805, go .

l. 37.—**The wedding-guest he beat.** The repetition of the subject is frequent in the ballads.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose.

—*The Rising in the North*, l. 109. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

Our king he kept a false stewarde.

—*Sir Aldingar* l. 1. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

ll. 41-54.—**And now the storm blast, etc.**

1798. Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,

A Wind and Tempest strong!

For days and weeks it play'd us freaks—

Like Chaff we drove along.

Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,

And it grew wond'rous could:

And Ice mast-high came floating by

As green as Emerald.

In 1802-5 the reading is nearer our text, but still lacks the splendid figure of ll. 45-50:—

But now the Northwind came more fierce.

There came a Tempest strong!

And Southward still for days and weeks

Like Chaff we drove along.

And now there came both Mist and Snow, etc.

l. 46.—**As who pursued, etc.** This use of the relative who without antecedent is archaic.

And I will set this foot of mine as far

As who goes farthest.

—Shakspeare, *Julius Caesar*, l. III. 119.

l. 47.—**Still treads the shadow.** "Still" has an archaic sense here,=ever. The shadow of his pursuing enemy already reaches his feet, but ever he presses on.

1. 55.—through the drifts the snowy cliffs, etc. Cliffs (cf. *Is.* lvii. 5) is a secondary form of cliff, showing the influence of clift (secondary form of cleft). The light reflected from the snowy summits cast a desolate splendour through the great masses of floating ice.

1. 56.—sheen. Sheen is used, first, as an adjective, = bright (AS. *scene*, bright, shining), as in l. 314; as a noun, —brightness, splendour, as here.

1. 57.—nor shapes....nor beasts. The 1798 text has the archaic form :

Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken.

Ne for *nor* similarly was the first reading in ll. 116, 122, 158, 332, 441, 453, 543.

1. 57.—ken. (AS. *cennan*, to cause to know, from *cann*, know, can); here descry, see.

Page 4. 1. 62.—Like noises in a swound. In 1805 this read,

A wild and ceaseless sound.

swound. An archaic or provincial form of swoon. Swoon is Mid. Eng. *swoune*, on which grew a *d*, as in sound (Fr. *son*), expound, etc. (Cf. the vulgar pronunciation drownd, gownd, etc.)

The basis of the simile is the excessive pulse, hammering in the ears, which sometimes precedes syncope. Noises, it is said also, are sometimes magnified during the attack.

My ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;

My brain with horrid tumult swims; etc.

—Coleridge, *New Year's Ode*.

1. 63.—albatross. See *Circumstances of composition*. The passage in Shelvocke's *Voyage*, which suggested the Albatross of our poem is as follows.—Captain Shelvocke is describing the coast of Patagonia.—“These (Pintado birds) were accompanied by *Albitrosses*, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some of them extending their wings 12 or 13 foot.”

It is however more interesting to see that the suggestions of the ominous character of the albatross, its death

at the hands of one of the crew, etc., are apparently directly drawn from the *Voyage*. After rounding Cape Horn, Captain Shelvocke continues: "One would think it impossible that any thing living could subsist in so rigid a climate; and indeed, we all observed, that we had not had the sight of one fish of any kind, since we were come to the Southward of the streights of *le Mair*, not one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black *Albitross*, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if lost himself, till Hatley (my second Captain) observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that the bird was always hovering near us, imagined from his colour, that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition, was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppress'd us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, after some fruitless attempts, at length, shot the *Albitross*, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it. p. 72 f.—*A Voyage round the World*, . . . 1719-22, by Capt. George Shelvocke, London, 1726.

For DeQuincey's ill-natured comment on this borrowing, see his *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets*. Wordsworth casts doubt on the borrowing from Shelvocke, "which probably," he says, "Coleridge never saw." (Ed. 1852, notes.)

l. 65.—**As if it had been.**

1798. And an it were a Christian Soul

l. 67.—**It ate the food, etc.**

1798-1805. The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms,

l. 69.—**thunder-fit.** Noise and commotion as of thunder.

l. 76.—**vespers.** Here used either with its etymological sense,—Lat. *vesper*, evening; or by virtue of its meaning of the evening Church Service, figuratively for evening. Cf.

They are black vesper's pageants.

—Shakspeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. xiv. 8.

1. 77.—Whiles. Cf. the adverbial *s* of "eftsoons," l. 12. The form is archaic, used in the ballads, etc.

Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff days ben [are] gan [gone].

—*Chevy Chase*, l. 52. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

1. 82. I shot the albatross. Bassett quotes a sailor, speaking of an albatross: "If you shoot one and kill him, you may look out for squalls; but to catch him and let him die on deck is a different thing altogether."—*Legends*, etc., p. 449.

In the Danish *Ballad of the Seafaring Men* (Folk-Lore Record, iii. ii.), the sailors spare a dove that, as a spirit of God, brings them safely home while they sleep.

PART II.

Page 5. 1. 83.—rose upon the right. So the mariners of King Necos declared that "in sailing round Libya (Africa) they had the sun upon their right hand."—Herodotus, iv. 42. Coleridge suggests, probably from the experience of Captain Shelvocke, that the Mariner had rounded Cape Horn.

The repetition from l. 25 ff., as if there were nothing else to notice, suggests the utter solitude of the sea.

1. 85.—Still hid in mist, etc.

1798.

And broad as a weft upon the left

1. 90.—the mariner's hallo! 1817, 1829, the Mariners' hollo!

1. 91.—And I had done, etc. The use of "and" as an introductory word, and its frequent repetition are characteristic of the ballads.

And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shew'd for mereye calle;
And drinking up the poyson stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death, etc.

—*Fair Rosamond*, l. 179ff. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 92.—'em. Not a contraction of "them," but the Mid. Eng. *hem*, AS. *heom*, dative pl. of the third pers. pronoun. Colloquial or archaic.

l. 95f.—Ah wretch....to blow. These two lines were added in 1817.

l. 97.—like God's own head.

1802. Nor dim nor red, like an angel's head,

Construe with "uprist." The simile is a strong variation from *Matt.* xvii. 2; *Rev.* i. 16.

l. 98.—uprist. This is properly a present tense for "upriseth," as in

For when the sun uprist, then wol ye sprede [spread].

—Chaucer, *Complaint of Mars*, l. 4.

But it was used likewise as a new weak past tense to uprise.

Aleyn up-rist, and thoughte, 'er that it dawe [grows day]

I woll [will] go crepen [creep] in by my felawe.

—Chaucer, *The Reeve's Tale*, l. 329f.

Page 6. l. 103.—The fair breeze. 1798–1805, The breezes blew.

l. 104.—The furrow followed free. In 1817 Coleridge changed this line to

The furrow stream'd off free;

remarking in a foot-note: "In the former edition the line was

The furrow follow'd free;

but I had not been long on board a ship, before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself the *Wake* appears like a brook flowing off from the stern." In 1828 Coleridge wisely returned to the more expressive line.

l. 110.—copper sky. Sky of a fiery red colour.

l. 117.—As idle as a painted ship, etc. The representation of figures in action, in painting and sculpture, is

frequently referred to by the poets to indicate *arrested action*.

While, passing fair,
Like to a pictured image, voiceless there
Strove she [Iphigenia] to speak.

—Eschylus, *Agamemnon*, l. 233ff. (Swanwick).

His sword... seemed 't the air to stick :
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter
Did nothing.

—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, II. II. 499ff.

So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced.

—Tennyson, *The Coming of Arthur*.

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture.

—Tennysen, *Morte d'Arthur*.

l. 120.—**And all the boards.** “And” in the sense of
“and yet.” Cf., for many instances, Edward’s speech be-
ginning,

Have I a tongue to doom my brother’s death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

—Richard III., II. I.

l. 123.—**The very deep.** 1798–1805, The very deeps .

l. 125.—**Yea, slimy things, etc.** There is a first sketch of
this description in an earlier poem.

What time after long and pestful calms,
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Poisoning the vast Pacific.

—Coleridge, *The Destiny of Nations*.

Page 7. l. 127.—**About, about, etc.** There is a trace here of
the witches’ song in *Macbeth*.

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about, etc.

—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, I. III. 32 ff.

l. 127.—**in reel and rout.** Whirling about in confusion.

l. 128.—**death-fires.** A luminous appearance hovering over putrescent bodies, as in graveyards, is called a death-fire, or dead-light, corpse-light, corpse-candle.

Mighty armies of the dead
Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb.

—Coleridge, *Ode to the Departing Year*.

The appearance of these lights at sea portended drowning, or indicated the presence of drowned sailors.

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burned the distant wave,
Blue as o'er some seaman's grave,
And fiery darts at intervals
Flew up all sparkling from the main.

—Southey, *Lallah Rookh*, The Fire Worshippers.

l. 129f.—**water . . . burnt.** See l. 274 n. This phosphorescence of the sea is termed Fire-burn or Sea-candles in Scotch. In Provence the sea is said to burn,—*La mer cremo*.

The description is apparently drawn from the following: "During a calm . . . some parts of the sea seemed covered with a kind of slime; and some small sea animals were swimming about. The most conspicuous of which were of the gelatinous, or *medusa* kind, almost globular; and another sort smaller, that had a white, or shining appearance, and were very numerous. Some of these last were taken up, and put into a glass cup, with some salt water, in which they appeared like small scales, or bits of silver, when at rest. . . . When they began to swim about, . . . they emitted the brightest colours of the most precious gems, according to their position with respect to the light. Sometimes they appeared quite pellucid, at other times assuming various tints of blue, from a pale sapphirine, to a deep violet colour, which were frequently mixed with a ruby or opaline redness, and glowed with a strength sufficient to illuminate the vessel and water. These colours appeared most vivid, when the glass was held to a strong light; and mostly vanished, on the subsiding of the animals to the bottom, when they had a brownish cast. But,

with candle light, the colour was, chiefly, a beautiful, pale green, tinged with a burnished gloss; and, in the dark, it had a faint appearance of glowing fire."—*A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean*....by Captain James Cook. Lond., 1784, vol. ii. p. 257: bk. iii. ch. 18.

l. 129.—**a witch's oils**, etc. Probably a picturesque invention of the poet's, based on the superstition that fires change colour on the approach of spirits.

l. 132. (gloss) **Josephus**. Flavius Josephus (Joseph ben Matthias) (37 A.D.—97 or 100), governor of Galilee during the Roman conquest of Palestine, friend of the emperor Titus, who made him a Roman citizen and gave him a palace at Rome. The works of Josephus are: *A History of the War of the Jews against the Romans* and *The Antiquities of the Jews*. In Titus's speech to his soldiers, he asserts that those who die in battle "become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves to their posterity afterwards."—*War of the Jews*, vi. i. Spirits appeared also before the destruction of Jerusalem, *id.* vi. 5. A passing allusion is also in *Antiq. Jews*, viii. 2. But there is little about demons in Josephus. Medieval conceptions are more in harmony with the gloss.

Psellus. Michael Constantine Psellus (1020–1105 or 1110) was born in Constantinople ('the Constantinopolitan'), where he "taught philosophy, rhetoric, and dialectic with the greatest success, and was honoured with the title of 'Prince of Philosophers' by the emperors." Gaulminus in his *Dedicatio* speaks of P. as "Platonicae disciplinae studiosissimus" ('the Platonic'). His works are most numerous, forming commentaries to Aristotle, treatises on the sciences, including alchemy. The work C. specially referred to is *περί ενεργειας δαιμόνων διάλογος*—(*Dialogue Concerning the Work of Spirits*), edited by Gaulminus 1615, and Boissonade, 1838, and translated into Latin by Petrus Morellus, Paris, 1577.

C. may have got the suggestion of these names in this

connection from Burnet, or more likely from Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, i. ii. mem. 1, subs. 2.

l. 189.—**Well a-day.** In 1798, wel-a-day! 1802, 1805, well-a-day!

The ballad poetry is fond of this interjection.

'Now welladay!' sayth Joan o' the Scales:

'Now welladay! and woe to my life!'

—*The Heir of Linne*, ll. 121-2. (Percy's *Reliques*).

It is an archaic interjection of grief, corrupted in form from *wellaway* under the influence of *day*.

But welaway! to fer be they to fecche.

—Chaucer, *Anelida and Arcite*, l. 338.

Welaway=AS. *wā lā wā!* literally, woe lo woe, alas.

PART III.

Page 8. ll. 143-149.—**There passed a weary time.** First appears in 1817 ed.

1798. I saw a something in the Sky
No bigger than my fist;
At first it seem'd a little speck, etc.

1802, 1805. "So past a weary time, each throat
Was parch'd, and glaz'd each eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first, etc.

l. 152. **I wist** Indeed, certainly. The AS. *gewiss*, certainly, surely, became Mid. Eng. *ywiss*, *i-wiss*. *I-wiss* was confused with *wit* (AS. *witan*, to know), past tense *wist*, and hence was written as here *I wist*, or more frequently, *I wiss*.

l. 155.—**As if it,** etc.

1798. And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite,

water-sprite. Sprite, a second form of spirit The water-sprites are

Spirits that have o're water government,
Are to Mankind alike malevolent :
They trouble Seas, Flouds, Rivers, Brookes, and Wels,
Meeres, Lakes, and love t' inhabit watery Cels....
—Heywood, *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, bk. viii. p. 307.

See Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, Introd. to *The Young Tam-
lane*.

l. 155.—**tacked and veered.** The vessel pursued an er-
atic course, advancing now in zig-zag courses against the
wind, and again running before it, with the wind now on
one side, now on the other.

l. 157.—**with black lips baked.** Cf. "Our skin was black
like an oven because of the terrible famine."—*Lament. of
Jeremiah*, v. 10.

l. 159.—**Through utter drought.**

1798. Then while thro' drouth all dumb we stood.

l. 161.—**A sail! a sail!** The description of the skeleton
ship constantly suggests the *Phantom Ship* of maritime
superstition. Marryat's version in the *Phantom Ship* is
well known. The original story is that of a Dutch Cap-
tain who swore he would round Cape Horn against a head-
gale. The storm increased; he swore the louder; threw
overboard those who tried to dissuade him; cursed God,
and was condemned to sail on for ever without hope of
port or respite. Bechstein, *Deutsches Sagenbuch*, gives a
different version, which has features in common with the
A.M. Falkenberg, for murder of his brother, is condemned
to sail a spectral bark, attended only by his good and his
evil spirit, who play dice for his soul. Playing dice (cf. l.
196) with Death or the Devil, for a man's soul, is a super-
stition that often figures in medieval art.

The notion that the ship could sail in spite of wind and
tide (ll. 155, 169, 175) is common to all accounts of the Phan-
tom Ship.

Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm;

When the dark scud comes driving hard,
 And lowered is every topsail yard,
 And canvas, wove in earthly looms,
 No more to brave the storm presumes !
 Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
 Top and topgallant hoisted high,
 Full spread and crowded every sail,
 The Demon Frigate braves the gale ;
 And well the doom'd spectators know
 The harbinger of wreck and woe.

—Scott, *Rokeby*, ll. 11.

The appearance of the phantom ship in the *A.M.* is likewise followed by disaster, l. 212ff. See also Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, "The Ballad of Carmilhan"; Bassett, *Legends... of the Sea and Sailors*.

Page 9. l. 164.—**Gramercy.** Mid. Eng. *gramercy*, *grant mercy*, from Fr. *grant merci*, great thanks. Originally an expression of thanks, mingled with surprise. Here it becomes a mere interjection of surprise. In the ballads,—

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee.

Gramercy now, my children deare
 —*The Rising in the North*, ll. 61, 62, 73, (Percy's *Reliques*).

l. 164.—**They for joy did grin.** "I took the thought of *grinning for joy*.... from poor Burnett's (a Unitarian preacher) remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, 'You grinned like an idiot!' He had done the same."—Coleridge, *Table Talk*, May 31st, 1830.

l. 167.—**See ! See ! etc.**

1798. She doth not tack from side to side—

l. 179.—**Without a breeze, etc.**

1798. Withouten wind, withouten tide

l. 170.—**Steadies with upright keel.** Moves on steadily,

not bent over by wind. "Upright" describes the keel's depth. "With even keel" is the more customary phrase.

l. 171.—**a-flame.** 1798-1805, a flame,

l. 176.—**Betwixt.** An archaic and provincial word, between. (AS. *betweohs*, *betwyx*, between, from *be* + *tweox*, by two,—consequently going back to the same elements as "between," AS. *betweenum*.)

l. 178.—**Heaven's Mother.** One of the many names of of the Virgin. See l. 298 note. Ejaculations of this sort are not rare in the ballads.

l. 183.—**her sails.** 1798-1817, *her* sails. So *her* in l. 185.

l. 184.—**gossameres.** Gossamers, filmy cobwebs of small spiders, found on low bushes or floating in long threads in the air, especially in autumn. (Mid. Eng. *gossomer*, lit. goose-summer, the down of summer.)

l. 185 ff.—**Are those her ribs.**

1798. Are those her naked ribs, which fleck'd
The sun that did behind them peer?
And are those two all, all her crew,
That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

1802-5 have the reading of the text, save that ll. 188, 189 read

And are those two all, all her crew,
That Woman, and her Mate?

1798 then continues with the following stanza, which is likewise in 1802-5, with the last line, however, reading, They were .

His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween;
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They're patch'd with purple and green.

l. 188.—**a Death.** A skeleton endued with life. (Named from its symbolizing death.)

l. 189.—**Is Death,** etc. Following this stanza there is found, written by the poet's hand on a copy of the 1798

ed., the following stanza, which was first printed in Macmillan's ed., 1880.

This Ship it was a plankless thing,
A bare Anatomy !
A plankless Spectre—and it moved
Like a Being of the Sea !
The woman and a fleshless man
Therein sat merrily.

Page 10. l. 190ff. — **Her lips were red**, etc. 1798 uses present tenses, **are**, **are**, **is**, in ll. 190–192. **Her** in l. 190, in all edd. 1798–1829.

l. 193.—The Night-mare, etc.

1798. And she is (1802–5, was) far liker Death than he ;
Her flesh makes (1802–5, made) the still air cold.

Night-mare. Conceived as an incubus or demon oppressing sleepers. (AS. *mare*, hence not connected with Mod. Eng. *mare*, AS. *meorh*, horse, steed.)

l. 193.—Life-in-Death. Cf. C.'s own epitaph :

That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death.

C. had his own fate in mind when he added in the 1817 ed. this idea of Life-in-Death.

The living death comes only on the Mariner (l. 197), who feels its approach, with fear at his heart (l. 204).

l. 196.—the twain. Archaic, couple, two. (AS. *twegen* is the masc. corresponding to neut. *twa*, two, which has been generalized.

casting. 1798–1805, playing.

l. 197.—I've, I've won. So in 1817, 1829, 1835. The editions 1798–1805, read

“The game is done! I've won, I've won!”

It is therefore quite certain that the more usual reading, depending only on the early editions, 1798–1805, is not what Coleridge finally approved. The reading “I've, I've won” has, moreover, the merit of throwing the accent where it rhetorically belongs.

l. 198.—and whistles thrice. 1798-1805, whistled . Not without meaning to the superstitious sailor. Except in a calm, whistling is ominous work, likely to bring on a storm. And a whistling woman—

A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither fit for God nor men.

“Our sailors, I am told, at this very day (I mean the vulgar sort) have a strange opinion of the devil's power and agency in stirring up winds, and that is the reason they so seldom whistle on shipboard, esteeming it to be a mockery, and consequently an enraging of the devil.”—Dr. Pegge, *Gentleman's Mag.*, 1763.

It will be noticed (ll. 2, 76, 198, 261) that C. uses numbers, as they are used in the bible, in the classics, and in popular superstition, for the sake of mysterious suggestion. Cf.

The night-birds scream'd a cry of drede,
The death-belle thrice did ring ;

• And thrice at Arthur's window bars
A raven flapp'd its wing.

—*The Murder of Prince Arthur*, Evans, iv. 118.

She had three lilies in her hand
And the stars in her hair were seven.

—Rossetti, *The Blessed Damozel*.

ll. 199-211.—The sun's rip dips, etc. Night in the Tropics descending without twilight is here matchlessly depicted.

These stanzas are represented in 1798 by the following :—

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled thro' his bones ;
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea
Off darts the Spectre-ship ;
While clombe above the Eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright Star
Almost atween the tips.

So in 1802-5, with slight changes,—the hole of his eyes, between the tips. 1817 follows (i) 1798 and (ii) 1805, but in

Errata, the poet asks the erasure of the stanza, *A gust of wind*.

l. 209.—**clomb**. An archaism. The verb is strong in AS., usually strong in Mid. Eng., but weak in Mod. Eng.

l. 210.—**moon, with one bright star**. A MS. note of C.'s to this line is first printed in Macmillan's ed., 1880:—"It is a common superstition among sailors that something dire is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon."

l. 211.—**nether**. (AS. *neothera*, lower.) Lower; under.

l. 212f.—**One after one**, etc.

1798-1805. One after one by the horned Moon
 (Listen, O Stranger! to me)
 Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang
 And curs'd me with his ee.

l. 213.—**quick**. This has been explained as living, as in "the quick and the dead." This stanza, however, has close relation with the following, the two depicting the death of the crew, as one by one they curse the Mariner and drop down. It is possible that "quick" has its usual meaning. Death and Life-in-Death at once seize on their own, and the crew have time only to curse him with a glance as they die.

Page 11. l. 217.—**And I heard**, etc.

1798-1802. With never a sigh or groan.

l. 223.—**like the whizz**. Remorse makes each death a reminder of his crime. Imitations of the line are

The gloomy brewer's [Cromwell] soul
 Went by me, like a stork.

—Tennyson, *The Talking Oak*.

And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

—Rossetti, *The Blessed Damozel*.

PART IV.

l. 227.—**the ribbed sea-sand**. C.'s note to this line appears in the 1817 ed., when first the poem was published

under his own name. Nether Stowey and Dulverton are in Somerset; see p. 177f.

The figure is in the ballads,—

Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea.

—Lord Soullis. (*Border Minstrelsy*.)

Page 12. l. 234.—And never a saint, etc.

1798-1805. And Christ would take no pity on

l. 238.—And a thousand, etc.

1798-1805. And a million million slimy things

l. 242.—rotting. 1798; *eldritch*, weird, ghastly, hideous, —a common ballad word, see *Sir Cauline* (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 245.—or ever. Before ever, ere. Archaic; see *Daniel* vi. 24; *Ecc.* xii. 6, and the ballads.

l. 247.—heart as dry as dust.

The good die first,

But they whose hearts are dry as summer dust

Burn to the socket.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, l.

l. 251.—Like a load. 1817, like a cloud, but corrected in Errata: for *cloud* read *load*.

l. 252.—the dead were at my feet.

Have owre [half over], have ower to Aberdour,

It's fiftle fadom deip:

And thair lies gud Sir Patrick Spence,

Wi' the Scots lords at his felt [feet].

—*Sir Patrick Spence*, l. 41ff. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 251.—reek. AS. *rēcan*, to smoke; here, a secondary sense, to smell.

Page 13. l. 267f.—bemoeked the sultry main, etc. The cold rays of moonlight, spread like hoar-frost, were a mocking contrast to the sultriness of the ocean.

l. 268.—Like April hoar-frost spread.

1798. Like morning frosts yspread;

l. 270.—alway. Archaic,—always.

l. 270.—charmed water. As if under magical influence (*L. carmen*, incantation); cf. l. 129.

l. 273.—**water-snakes.** C. seems to have consulted various zoological works; for the note-book of this date contains long paragraphs upon alligators, boas and crocodiles of antediluvian times." (Brandl, p. 202.)

l. 274.—**tracks of shining white.** See l. 129f.n. Referring to the phosphorescent gleam of the sea (or more properly the animalculæ in the sea) particularly noticeable when the surface is disturbed. Scott imitates C. in,

Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightings of the wave;
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elvish lustre lave, etc.

—*Lord of the Isles*, i. xxi.

remarking in a note:—"The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire.... At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting from the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness."

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark.

—Tennyson, *The Voyage*.

l. 282ff.—**O happy living things!** etc. C., in making the Mariner find through love of the lower animals a partial release from punishment for his wanton cruelty to a bird, is here in close touch with his age. Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, all show keen sympathy for the sufferings of the humblest animals. C. in his early career addressed a poem even to a Young Ass,—

Innocent Fool! Thou poor, despised forlorn,
I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn.

"The more the landscape poets of what may be called the century of humanity penetrated into the secrets of earth and air, the more they sympathized with the lower creatures of nature, and demanded for all and each a fitting lot." (Brandl, p. 97.)

Page 14. l. 288ff.—**I could pray.** This is the medieval notion that prayer wrought release from curses and from the power of demons. But here humanity, love, alone make prayer possible and efficacious—a very modern notion.

PART V.

l. 292f.—**Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing.** See Wordsworth, *To Sleep*, *Intro. Notes*. Cf.

For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.

—Coleridge, *Christabel*.

l. 294.—**To Mary Queen, etc.** So printed in edd. 1817ff.

1798. To Mary-queen the praise be yeven [arch., given].

Mary Queen (of heaven), cf.

O Mary Mother, be not loth
To listen,—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and mayst not be peer !
Hear us at last, O Mary Queen !
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place,
O Mary Virgin, full of grace.

—Rossetti, *Ave*.

l. 296.—**sleep . . . that slid.** Older English literature abounds in a related notion,—that of sliding into sleep.

l. 297.—**the silly buckets.** "Silly" has here its original meaning of blessed, fortunate, AS. *sælig*, Mid. Eng. *seely*. The epithet shows the gush of love that has filled the Mariner's heart. Some explain it as weak, frail, in imitation of,

After long storms . . .
With which my silly bark was toss'd,

—Spenser.

Page 15. l. 302.—**dank.** (Swed. *dunk*, marshy ground.) Damp and cold.

l. 303.—**drunken.** Archaic in its participial use.

l. 308.—**blessed.** Enjoying the happiness of heaven.

l. 309.—**And soon I heard**, etc.

1798. The roaring wind ! It roar'd far off,

l. 310.—**anear**. Near. A form of near, possibly imitated from afar=on (of) far. This instance of its use (=near) is the earliest given in the *New Eng. Dict.*

l. 311f.—**sails, That were so thin and sere**. So in Shelvocke's *Voyage*. When the Captain reached California, he found "at best our sails and riggings were hardly ever fit to cope with a brisk gale, and were now grown so very thin and rotten, etc., p. 432.

l. 314.—**fire-flags**. Poetical and archaic,—flashes of lightning.

sheen. See l. 56n.

l. 315ff.—**were**. 1798, are. It has the present tense also in ll. 317, dance on ; 318, doth ; 319, do ; 320, pours ; 321, and the Moon is . 322f. read,

Hark ! hark ! the thick black cloud is cleft,
And the moon is at its side :

Page 16. l. 327f.—**The loud wind**, etc.

1798. The strong wind reach'd the ship : it roar'd
And dropp'd down, like a stone !

l. 334.—**To have seen**. More correctly, To see.

l. 337.—**'gan**. Cf. l. 385. Mid. Eng. *ginnen*, an aphetic form of AS. *onginnan*, to begin. Modern usage marks 'gin, 'gan, as if abbreviations of begin, began. Frequent in ballad poetry.

Then answerde him a courteous knyghte,
And fast his handes gan wringe :

—*Sir Cauline*, l. 25f. (*Percy's Reliques*.)

l. 344.—**But he said nought to me**. Following this line, 1798 reads,

And I quak'd to think of my own voice
How frightful it would be.

ll. 345-8.—**I fear thee . . . blest**. Not in the 1798 ed.

Page 17. l. 348.—*corse*s. Mid. Eng. *cors*, from OFr. *cors*, Lat. *corpus*. In the fourteenth cent. the French *cors* became *corps* under influence of the Latin original. English followed, and made over *cors* into *corps(e)*. From 1500 *p* began to be sounded. This pronunciation finally prevailed, making *corse* archaic and poetic.

l. 350.—**For when it dawn'd.** 1798, The daylight dawn'd.

l. 359.—**the sky-lark sing.** 1798, the lavrock sing. (Lavrock is Northern dialect for lark.) Brandl remarks (p. 202), on the introduction of these touches of nature:—"Coleridge also repeats ideas from his own songs, as he makes the contrite singer hear the song of the skylark, and the 'noise of a hidden brook'; all is apparently only accessory, but it gives the ballad its chief charm."

For the epithet "a-dropping from the sky," see introductory notes to Wordsworth's *Skylark*.

l. 362.—**jargoning.** OFr. *jargon* is precisely the singing of birds.

l. 364.—**like a lonely flute.** Cf. *Evangeline*, l. 1055.

Page 18. l. 372.—**Singeth a quiet tune.** Between this line and the following are found in the 1798 ed. these stanzas:—

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!

"Marinere! thou hast my will:

"For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make

"My body and soul to be still."

Never sadder tale was told

To a man of woman born:

Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!

Thou'lt rise to morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard

By a man of woman born:

The Mariners all return'd to work

As silent as before.

The Mariners all 'gan pull the ropes,

But look at me they n'old [would not]:

Thought I, I am as thin as air—

They cannot me behold.

1. 879.—*slid.* Cf. 1. 291. Frequently used of passing smoothly, especially by Tennyson:—

Fair is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water slowly glides.
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

on, *Requiescat.*

1. 888f.—*The sun right up above the mast.* The ship has reached the equator, and the power of the Polar Spirit ceases. The ship tosses there till the demand of the Spirit for vengeance is appeased, when, freed from his power, it darts northward.

1. 892.—*down in.* 1798–1805, into.

1. 894.—*I have not to declare.* I have not the knowledge to enable me to declare.

1. 895.—*living.* Conscious.

Page 19. 1. 399.—*By Him who died,* etc. An oath of the ballads,—

This is a mery morning, seid Litull John,
Be hym that dyed on tre [cross].

—*Robin Hood and the Monk*, l. 13f.

1. 407.—*honey-dew.* A sugary substance found on the leaves of trees in drops like dew, exuded from plant-lice, or from leaves during hot weather, sometimes dripping from them as “manna”; much liked by bees and ants.

Close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*.

PART VI

Page 20. 1. 416.—*his great bright eye.* Cf.

The broad, open eye of the solitary sky.

—Wordsworth, *Stray Pleasures*.

1. 423.—*Without or wave or wind?*

1798,

Withouten wave or wind?

l. 426.—fly!...high....belated. is to be supposed the spirits are to return to some celestial goal, for which they here depart.

l. 435.—**charnel-dungeon.** Charnel (Fr. *charnel*, late Lat. *carnale*, from *carn-em*, flesh), a chapel or house for the dead:—"Facing this (Paul's) cross stood the charnel, in which the bodies of the dead were....piled together." Entick, *London*, iv, 119 (*New Eng. Dict.*); hence "charnel-dungeon," a vault or dungeon for dead bodies. Milton has "charnel-vaults and sepulchres," *Comus*, 471. Cf.

Ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng.

—Beattie, *Minstrel*, l. xxxil.

Page 21. l. 440.—eyes. 1798, een.

l. 442.—And now this spell, etc.

1798. And in its time the spel' was snapt,
And I could move my een:
I look'd, etc.

l. 452.—breathed a wind on me. Contrast the wind in l. 309ff. Even this one, sweet and gentle as it is, recalls the horror of the earlier scene (see l. 458).

l. 455.—in shade. An earthly wind darkens the water by cutting up ripples that break the reflection of the light.

Little breezes dusk and shiver.

—Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*.

Page 22. l. 461. countree. In edd. 1798-1805 the accent is marked in the first and in ll. 518, 570, *countrée*. This accentuation of the final syllable is the original accentuation (Fr. *contrée*); it is common in older poetry, and characterizes as well the archaic ballads. This for an accent even affected at times the accentuation of native words.

Despraise her not to me,
For better I love your little finger
Than I do her whole body'.

—Lord Thomasine and Fair Ellinor. (Thomson, p. 83.)

But none was soe comelye as pretty Bessde.
—Beggars Daughter of Bednall-Green, l. 4. (Percy's Reliques.)

l. 473.—**strewn.** Outspread.

l. 475.—**And the shadow of the moon.** Shadow, reflection. 1798 here contains a number of stanzas of interest as affording some explanation of l. 482.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,
 Till rising from the same.
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow
 These dark-red shadows were;
 But soon I saw that my own flesh
 Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,
 And by the holy rood,
 The bodies had advanc'd, and now
 Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,
 They held them strait and tight;
 And each right-arm burnt like a torch,
 A torch that's borne upright.
 Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on
 In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away
 Forth looking as before.
 There was no breeze upon the bay,
 No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, etc.

l. 482.—**shadows.** Shades, spirits.

Page 23. l. 487.—**Oh, Christ!** etc. Cf.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see.

—Chevy Chase (Modern). (Percy's Reliques.)

l. 489.—**by the holy rood!** An oath from the ballads.

Robin replied, now by the rude [rood].

—Robin and Makyne, l. 9. (Percy's Reliques.)

The rood is the cross of Christ. AS. *rād*, cross.

Page 23. l. 490.—A seraph-man. Seraphs are winged angels of the highest order, worshipping Jehovah and acting as his messengers and ministers through the earth. (Heb. *sāraph*, burn.)

Seraph, if we but retyre
To the words force, importeth nought save Fire.
—Heywood, *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, p. 217.

l. 500.—But soon. 1798, Eftsones.

l. 501.—cheer. Hail.

l. 503.—And I saw a boat appear. 1798 continues,—

Then vanished all the lovely lights;
The bodies rose anew:
With silent pace, each to his place,
Came back the ghastly crew.
The wind, that shade nor motion made,
On me alone it blew.

But in a copy of the 1798 ed., this stanza is crossed out, and the following substituted on the margin,—

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights,
The spirits of the air,
No souls of mortal men were they,
But spirits bright and fair.

(First published in Macmillan's ed., 1880.)

l. 509.—the hermit. The picturesque personage of the hermit is frequently found in the ballads. (See Evans, vol. iv.)

Page 24. l. 512.—shrieve. An obsolete form of shrive (AS. *scrifan*, to prescribe penance). To hear confession. impose penance, and grant absolution of sin. In Spenser, *Shepherds Calender*, August, schrieve rimes with eve.

It fell upon a holly eve,
Hey, ho, hollidaye!
When holly fathers wout to shrieve;
New gynneth this roundelaye.

PART VII.

l. 517.—**marineres.** This is the usual spelling throughout *A.M.*, 1798, and is retained here because of the rime.

l. 524.—**I trow** (properly, *trō*). (*AS. trōwian*, to trust.) I think, I suppose.

Gallant men I trow you bee:

—*The Rising in the North*, l. 66. (*Percy's Reliques*.)

l. 529.—**The planks look warped!** This is the reading 1798–1805, and undoubtedly correct; yet 1817–1835 read

The planks looked warp'd!

and are followed by almost every later edition.

Page 25. l. 533.—**Brown skeletons.** 1798–1817 read, *The skeletons*; but Errata in 1817: for *The r. Brown*.

l. 535.—**ivy-tod.** A thick bush, usually of ivy.

At length within the yvie todde,

(There shrouded was the little god)

I heard a busie bustling.

—Spenser, *Shep. Calend.*, March.

And, like an owle, by night to goe abroad,

Roosted all day within an ivie tod.

—Drayton, *Poems*, p. 251 (ed. 1637). So also Scott, *Antiq.*, xxi.

l. 552.—**Like one that hath been seven days drowned.**

“The bodies of those who were drowned, but not recovered, were supposed to come to the surface of the water on the ninth day.”—Gregor, *Folk-lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 208. In the south decomposition would set in earlier and shorten the time when the body would float.

Page 26. l. 559.—**telling of the sound.** Resounding, echoing.

l. 570.—**all in my own countree.** 1798, mine own countrée.

“All in” constitutes a poetical phrase, usually introducing a scenic or local touch:

All in the blue unclouded weather,

Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather.

—Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*.

All in an oriel on the summer side,
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace....they met.

—Tennyson, *Lancelot and Elaine*.

l. 575.—crossed his brow. The sign of the cross, holy water, prayers, the name of God or of Christ were all destructive of Satanic power.

The Crosses signe (saith Athanasius) they
Cannot endure, it puts them to dismay.

—Heywood, *Hierarchy of the blessed Angels*, bk. ix. p. 581.

l. 577.—What manner of man. 1798-1805 have the more archaic reading,

What manner man art thou?

Page 27. l. 592ff.—Since then, etc.

1798. Since then, at an uncertain hour
Now often and now fewer,
That angulsh comes and makes me tell
My ghastly adventure.

l. 586.—I pass, like night, from land to land. There is here a touch of the medieval legend of the Wandering Jew.

Page 28. l. 610ff.—but this I tell, etc. "Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the *Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it.—it was improbable, and had a moral. As for the improbability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have no more moral than the *Arabian Nights'* tale."—Coleridge, *Table Talk*, May 81, 1830.

In the *Journ. of Speculative Phil.*, 14. 327ff., Gertrude Garrigues endeavours to allegorize the *A. M.*, as depicting the loss of the innocence of ignorance, and the return, through the medium of sin and doubt, to conscious virtue and

belief :— 'He stoppeth *one* of three', Many are called, but few are chosen. 'The ship was cheered', Man commences the voyage of life. 'And now the storm-blast came,' The world, with its buffets, confronts him, etc., etc. In the light of C.'s own statement all this theorizing happily vanishes.

l. 623.—*forlorn*. Deprived, bereft. Archaic and poetical in this sense. (*Forlorn*=*forloren*, past part. of *forleosan*, to lose utterly.)

l. 624.—*sadder*. Made more serious by his experience of depths of human life hitherto unsuspected.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Composition and publication. Sara Coleridge in a note to ed. 1852 was of the opinion that the first stanza (ll. 1-17) was written as late as 1824, and prefixed to the second stanza, composed many years before. These two stanzas were published in that order in *The Bijou* and in *The Literary Souvenir*, literary annuals of 1828, and were included with slight verbal changes in C.'s collected works, 1828. A memorandum of Coleridge's (ed. 1852, notes) shows that ll. 39-43 were written by 1827. The whole of this third stanza appeared in *Blackwood's*, June, 1832, containing ll. 39-49 and two concluding lines, not in the final revision :—

O! might Life cease! and Selfless Mind,
Whose total Being is Act, alone remain behind!

l. 42f., however, read :—

That only serves to make us grieve
In our old age,
Whose bruised wings quarrel with the bars of the still
narrowing cage.

The whole stanza, as printed in *Blackwood's*, thus made up

fourteen lines, and was entitled *The Old Man's Sigh, A Sonnet*, dated "18th May, 1832—Grove, Highgate." For all, the poet speaks of it as an "Out-slough, or hypertrophic Stanza, of . . . 'Youth and Age,' having . . . detached itself, and dropt off from the poem aforesaid." The poetry as it stands in the text is first found in ed. 1831(5).

Autobiographical character of the poem. This poem is the lament of the poet over the wreck of his physical being, due for the most part to his use of opium, and the consequent impotence of his great intellectual powers. As early as 1806, C. was conscious of his greatness fallen to ruin.

Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier.

—To William Wordsworth.

See Introduction. Carlyle, who knew him well in these Highgate days, describes him thus:—

"The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. His deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain locked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped . . . A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man."—*Life of Stirling*, ch. viii.

Other poems of C.'s of similar tone and substance—*De-*

jection, *To William Wordsworth, Work without Hope*, etc., will best illustrate the present poem.

Page 29. Title. Youth and Age. This is likewise the name of one of Shakspeare's poems in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, beginning:

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together;

Cf. Thomas Love Peacock's lines to the same title, and Lord Byron's *Stanzas to Music*, beginning

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.

l. 1.—Verse. C. wrote scarcely any poetry after 1802, while the years 1791-1800 are rich with almost everything his poetic fame is associated with.

Six years, from sixty saved! Yet kindling skies
Own them, a beacon to our centuries.

—D. G. Rossetti, *Three English Poets*, III.

l. 2.—clung. *Bijou*, clings .

l. 3.—Life went a maying. Lit., celebrated the beginning of May by gathering flowers of the hawthorn, etc., and afterward dancing around the May-pole. Better, a-maying.

l. 8.—This breathing house. *Bijou*, This house of clay .
not built with hands. Cf. *Mark* xiv. 58; *Acts* vii. 48, xvii. 24; 2 *Corinth.* v. 1, etc.

l. 10.—O'er aery cliffs, etc.

Bijou. O'er hill and dale and sounding sands,

l. 12.—those trim skiffs, etc. For skiffs, *Bijou* has boats. Steamboats were still a wonder. Symmington built the first practical steamboat, a tug, in 1802. Fulton on the Hudson, 1807, and Bell on the Clyde, 1812, followed with passenger-boats. Five years later steam-navigation spread throughout the three Kingdoms. In 1819 the Atlantic was crossed, and in 1825 an English steamship reached Calcutta.

l. 17.—Nought cared this body, etc.

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, but ill agree:
For days and months, and almost years,
Have limp'd on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine, and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together.

—Coleridge, *An Ode to the Rain*.

l. 21.—Of Friendship, etc.

1829.

Of Beauty, Truth, and Liberty

Page 30. l. 23.—Ah woful ere. *Literary Souvenir*, Ah
mournful ere.

l. 25.—so many. *Bijou*, so merry.

l. 27.—a fond conceit. *Bijou*, a false conceit. "Fond"
and "conceit" are used in old senses,—a foolish fancy.

l. 31.—This drooping gate. *Bijou*, this dragging gate.

l. 36.—tears take sunshine, etc.

There was the time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness;
For Hope grew round me like a twining vine, etc.

—Coleridge, *Dejection*.

l. 37.—Life is but thought. A touch of C.'s philosophic
idealism; perhaps also of Shakspeare.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

—*Hamlet*, II. II.

l. 41.—Where no hope is.

And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor palm, nor build nor sing....
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

—*Work without Hope*, 1827.

Page 30. l. 48.—hath outstay'd his welcome while. While,
time. (AS. *hwil*, space of time.)

"This great man was dying with the clear consciousness that the world had denied him his due. Long ago life had lost its charm of hope for him, and where no hope was, life was no better than the stern lamp of a ship that lights only the path that is past. The time had been when he had fretted under the sense of work without hope, and talents that he was compelled to waste. But that time was gone by. The fiery column that rose before his youth was the dark pillar that stood behind his age. He was reconciled to his dismissal; he told the jest without the smile."
—Hall Caine, *Life of Coleridge*, p. 151f.

WORDSWORTH.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

Composition and publication.—After a year at Alfoxden in the neighbourhood of Coleridge, the two poets and Dorothy Wordsworth set out, Sept. 16th, 1798, for Germany. (See Introd.) While Coleridge went on to Ratzeburg to absorb German language, philosophy, and life, the Wordsworths buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure from German society or literature or climate—the winter was terribly severe—but driven back upon himself, the impulse from his Alfoxden life prompted him to one of the most productive periods of his life. In Goslar he wrote *Nutting*, *The Poet's Epitaph*, *The Fountain*, *Two April Mornings*, *Ruth*, began *The Prelude*, and composed (1799) the various *Lucy* poems. These last are the lyrics beginning:—

- (i.) Strange fits of passion have I known.
- (ii.) She dwelt among the untrodden ways.
- (iii.) I travelled among unknown men.
- (iv.) Three years she grew in sun and shower.
- (v.) A slumber did my spirit steal.

They form an interesting group of poems of ideal love, and should be read in connection with one other.

The *Lucy* poems were first published in the new enlarged ed. of the *Lyrical Ballads*, London, 1800, and reprinted 1802, 1835, etc. The variations in the text are of the slightest.

The subject of the poems of *Lucy*. “The Goslar poems include those addressed to *Lucy*. Some have supposed that there was an actual *Lucy*, known to Wordsworth in Yorkshire, ‘about the springs of Dove,’ to whom he was

attached, who died early, and whose love and beauty he commemorates in these five memorial poems. There is no doubt that the intensity of the lines, the allusion to the spinning wheel, to the 'violet by the mossy stone half hidden from the eye' to the 'bowers where Lucy played,' to the 'heath, the calm, and quiet scene,' all suggest a real person. We only wish there were evidence that it had been so. But there is no such evidence."—*Knight*, ix. 187.

The Baroness von Stockhausen, nevertheless, has written a tale called *Veilchenduft* (Violet-fragrance), which weaves about Wordsworth the incidents suggested in the *Lucy* poems.

Critical comments. Coleridge recognized the beauty of the poem with ungrudging admiration. "I would rather have written *Ruth*, and *Nature's Lady* [*Three Years*, etc.]," he told Sir H. Davy (Oct. 9, 1830), "than a million such poems [as *Christabel*]." W. A. Heard says of it: "Nature speaks to our minds, but her sounds and music also affect body as well as soul. Wordsworth does not separate the physical and the spiritual; nothing is solely physical in its effect, everything has a spiritual result. This combination of physical and spiritual teaching in nature is the idea embodied in *Three years she grew*. One stanza is specially apposite: 'And she shall lean her ear,' etc. This is not only true poetry, but it has a Platonic felicitousness of language as the expression of a philosophy."—*Wordsworth Soc. Proc.*, vi. 55.

Ruskin's appreciation of the poem is marked with his usual wonderful insight. In *Sesame and Lilies* (Of Queens' Gardens), he quotes most of this poem in the following context:

"The first of our duties to her [woman]... is to secure her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of beauty being unattainable without splendour of

activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far; only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite rightness—which point you to the source and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty (stt. 1, 2, 4, 6 of this poem are quoted)... This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty:—

'A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,' etc.

The whole of Queens' Gardens is indeed a beautiful commentary on this poem.

Page 31.—The title. The poem is indexed in *Lyrical Ballads*, Three years she grew in sun and shower. In edd. 1843, 1845, etc., it is indexed and paged, Lucy. Otherwise it has remained without title. Mr. Palgrave in the *Golden Treasury* invents the sub-title given on p. 81.

l. 7f. — Myself will with me. In 1802 the poet changed the lines to:

Her Teacher I myself will be,
She is my darling; and with me

but wisely returned to the original text in 1805.

l. 10f.—In earth and heaven, an overseeing power. The philosophy of this bears illustration from every line of *Tintern Abbey*, as from the following:—

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

—*Tintern Abbey*, l. 123ff.

1. 13f.—**sportive as the fawn**, etc.

When along the lawn she bounds,
Light, as hind before the hounds.

—Ambrose Phillips, *The Stray Nymph*.

1. 20.—**for her the willow bend**. The willow is pre-eminent for its lithe grace, with which it here imbues the Maiden.

1. 23.—**Grace that shall mould**. This is the reading in 1802, but ed. 1800 reads,

A beauty that shall mould her form

1. 81.—**vital feelings**. "'Vital feelings of delight,' observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life. And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you can put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue."—Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, ii. § 71.

1. 86.—**Here in this happy dell**. "Observe, it is 'Nature' who is speaking throughout, and who says, 'while she and I together live.'"—Ruskin, *ib.*

1. 39.—**She died, and left to me**. "How empty, desolate, and colorless Nature, without Human Life present, becomes to the Poet, we gather from the conclusion of *Three years she grew*."—James Russell Lowell, *Wordsworth Soc. Tr.*, viii., 76.

1. 40.—**this calm, and quiet scene**. Calm, is the authoritative reading (1805, '43, '46, etc.); yet 1802, Morley, and other recent editions read, "calm and quiet scene."

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

Composition and publication. Wordsworth and his sister made an excursion to France in August of 1802. They left London on July 30th, at a very early morning, saw the City from Westminster Bridge—a sight that occasioned the splendid sonnet (see Appendix) beginning,

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

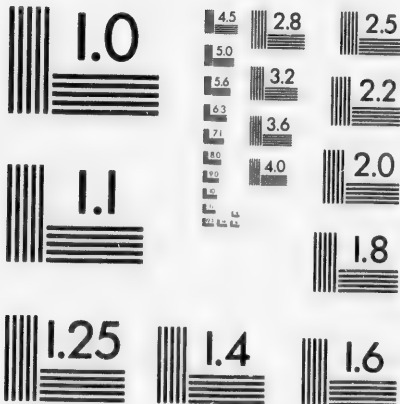
The following day they arrived in Calais, where the several Calais sonnets were written. They returned to England on the 30th of August, staying in London till the 22nd of September. W.'s interests at the time were strongly political, in favour of republican liberty. The poet has himself expressed the feelings that arose in him as he marked the contrast of France and England, the one still suffering from the calamities of the Revolution, the other glutted with wealth and given over to the industrial spirit. "This poem," he says, "was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say desolation, that the Revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French," etc.—To Miss Fenwick (Knight, ii. 300).

To this we may add the historian's account:—"Although the debt had risen from 244 millions to 520, the desire for peace sprang from no sense of national exhaustion. On the contrary, wealth had never increased so fast. Steam and canals, with the inventions of Arkwright and Crompton, were producing their effect in a rapid development of trade



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and manufactures, and commerce found new outlets in the colonies gained by the war."—Green, *Short Hist.*, c. 1802.

This poem was first published in the volume of *Poems*, by William Wordsworth, London, 1807.

The form of the Sonnet*. The word *sonnet* is derived, as is the best form of the thing itself, from the Italian,—*sonetto*, a short strain, abbreviation of *suono*, sound. The first Englishmen to learn to use the sonnet structure were Wyatt (1503–1542) and Surrey (1517–1547), poets steeped in Italian literature. Among the Elizabethans, Spenser and Shakspeare were preeminent as writers of sonnets, as at a later day Milton was among the Caroline poets.

Shakspeare's sonnets, however, differ essentially in structural character from the sonnets of Milton. The SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET arranges its rimes *abab cdcd efef gg*, and the whole rhythm progresses with almost even force through its fourteen lines till clinched and ended in the concluding couplet. The MILTONIC SONNET agrees with the Shakespearian in preserving an unbroken continuity of rhythm throughout, but differs from it in rime-structure. Its rimes are arranged *abba abba*, but the last six lines rime with great freedom, always however avoiding a final couplet. The normal Italian or PETRARCAN SONNET, while similar to the Miltonic sonnet in rime-order, differs from it and the Shakespearian sonnet in the peculiar movement of its rhythm. The poem is broken into a "octave" (first eight lines) and a "sestet" (last six lines), and the melody rising with the major part, subsides and dies away in the minor; so that it may be described:

A sonnet is a wave of melody :
 From heaving waters of the impassioned soul
 A billow of tidal music one and whole
 Flows in the "octave," then returning free,

*See Theodore Watts, *Ency. Britt.*; William Sharp, *Sonnets of this Century*, Introduction, etc.

Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

—Theodore Watts.

These three forms—the Shakespearian, the Miltonic, and the Petrarchan Sonnet—are the standard forms of English sonnets. While they have formal differences, they agree in requiring that the poem be of fourteen decasyllabic lines, the evolution of one single thought or emotion, inevitable in its progress, full of thought, dignity, repose, and splendidly sonorous.

"Swelling loudly

Up to its climax, and then dying proudly."

Examples of the three kinds will be found in the Appendix. W.'s, it will be seen, bears a close relationship to Milton's.

Page 33. 1. 1.—O Friend! etc. 1838 ed. alone reads,

O thou proud city! which way shall I look,

which seems to show that the established reading "Friend" has no particular personal reference.

1. 2.—Plain living, etc. These words are not vain on the poet's part. He and his sister (see *Introd.*) in 1793 had set about living their best life on an income of one hundred pounds.

I note that a recent magazine poet borrows this line in the following form,

Hardy with abstinence, with high thoughts divine.

—Marrion Wilcox, *Like the Good God*.

1. 8.—No grandeur now in nature. Read and compare the sonnet (see Appendix) beginning,

The world is too much with us, late and soon.

1. 13.—fearful. Anxiously watchful lest evil should prevail.

1. 14.—pure religion breathing, etc. Religion, a gentle force animating and guiding all family life.

LONDON, 1802.

Composition and publication. This sonnet was written and published in the same circumstances as the preceding.

Page 34. l. 1.—Milton. John Milton (1608–1674). W. had especially in his mind Milton's strenuous efforts in the cause of Puritanism and just government, on behalf of the Vaudois, and for the liberty of the press; his conception of the high calling of the poet, his intense moral strength, and intellectual greatness; the magnificence of his style and the rich music of his verse; the utter loneliness of his life, when, blind and poor, he meditated his lofty epic, while around him echoed the shouts of Royalists triumphing over the cause to which he had sacrificed his best years. See Green, *Short Hist.*, 451ff., 510ff., 575, 582ff.

There is a special appropriateness also in addressing Milton in a sonnet. From Milton's sonnets W. first learnt many of the great qualities of his own. Elsewhere he abundantly shows his reverence for his master:—

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

—*It is not to be thought of.*

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.

—*The Excursion*, i. 249f.

l. 2.—England...is a fen. For the other side of the picture, see such poems as *The Birkenhead*

And when they tell you 'England is a fen
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer,' tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay! *etc.*

—Sir Henry Yule (1820–1889.)

l. 4.—the heroic wealth of hall and bower. Hall and bower are frequently conjoined in old literature; the former the characteristic place of the men, the latter of

the women. Thus "the heroic wealth of hall and bower" means, knightly men and gentle women, richly endowed with the spirit of chivalry, are no more, and their descendants have lost the right to inward happiness.

1. 4.—**dower.** This inward happiness was the gift and result of noble action, as a dower comes by established, even inherent right.

1. 5.—**inward happiness.** Notice W.'s insistence on the inward life. It pervades his poetry.

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

—*I wandered lonely as a cloud.*

The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

—*A Poet's Epitaph.*

With a eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

—*Tintern Abbey.*

1. 8.—**manners.** Not knowledge of etiquette merely or necessarily; but ceasing to be "selfish men," being heartily considerate of others.

1. 9.—**like a Star, and dwelt apart.** Cf. W.'s tribute to Newton,—

The statue...
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

—*The Prelude.*

1. 10.—**voice whose sound was like the sea.** The mighty splendour of Milton's blank verse,—the theme of many a poet.

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time and Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.

—*Tennyson, Experiments.*

1. 14.—**on herself.** So in 1820, but 1807, on itself.

TO THE DAISY.

Composition and publication. W. wrote in all four poems addressed to the Daisy. They begin :

- (i.) In youth from rock to rock I went.
- (ii.) With little here to do or see.
- (iii.) Bright Flower ! whose home is everywhere.
- (iv.) Sweet Flower ! belike one day to have.

Except the last, which as an elegy on the poet's brother John stands apart (1805) from the others, these poems were written in 1802, in the orchard of Town-end, Grasmere, shortly after W. took up his residence there. The second and third poems "were overflowings of the mind in composing the one which stands first."—W. in ed. 1807. The first three poems were published in 1807. They have much in common and should be read together. The third poem is reprinted in the Appendix.

Page 35. l. 1.—here. W. and his sister in Dec. 21, 1799, settled in Grasmere, Cumberland, in Dove Cottage, at that extremity of the village called Town-end, and lived there till 1808. W.'s finest poetry was there written. (See *Introd.*)

l. 3.—Sweet Daisy ! oft. This is the reading of edd. 1807–1827, but variants are,—

- 1836–1843. Yet once again I talk to thee,
- 1846–1849. Daisy ! again I talk to thee,

The changes are chiefly intended to make a better connection with the first poem, *To the Daisy*.

l. 10.—I sit and play, etc. Such is the reading from 1820 ; but 1807

Oft do I sit by thee at ease,
And weave a web of similies (sic).

Page 36. l. 25.—*cyclops* (*si'klops*). From Lat. *cyclops*, Gk. κύκλωψ, lit. 'round-eyed' (κύκλος, circle, ὤψ, eye.) In classical mythology, a giant having one eye, shaped like a circle, set in the middle of his forehead.

l. 30.—*boss* The convex projection in the centre of the shield.

l. 41.—*Bright Flower*. Bright is substituted for Sweet in 1836 ed.

l. 43.—*fast*. The editions have uniformly a comma after fast, but it would better be a semicolon, to permit the close association of l. 44 with l. 45.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

Composition and publication. W. has three poems on the Celandine, the first written April 30th, 1802, beginning,

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;

the second, composed May 1st, 1802, beginning,

Pleasures newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet ;

the third, our present poem, composed in 1804. All were published in the volume of 1807. They stand therefore among the beautiful lyrics of the Town-end, Grasmere period.

W. classed this poem among "Poems referring to the Period of Old Age."

Subject of the poem. "It is remarkable," says W., in the Fenwick note, "that this flower coming out so early in the Spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in

English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it, is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air."

The lesser Celandine, Celandine Crowfoot, Figwort, Pilewort, *Ranunculus Ficaria*, a sort of buttercup, has fig (*L. ficus*)-shaped tubercles, heart-shaped leaves, and bright yellow flowers usually of nine petals, blossoming as early as March. "The flower loves the sunshine and light. We generally find it closed from five in the evening until nine in the morning, and also during wet or gloomy weather. Its Celtic name, *Grian* (the sun), refers to this point in its history."—Sowerby, i. 49.

Page 37.—Title. In 1807, Common Pilewort. The title *A Lesson*, in the *Golden Treasury*, is Mr. Palgrave's invention.

l. 4.—**himself.** Previous to 1837, itself.

l. 13.—**inly-muttered.** Inly, inwardly; used by Chaucer and Spenser, etc.

But trembling every joint did inly quake.

—*Faery Queene*, i. ix. xxiv.

l. 20.—**spleen.** The spleen was formerly regarded as a seat of the passions; hence, ill-humour, spite.

l. 24.—**Age might but take.** Had W. in mind the French proverb, *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*, If youth only had wisdom, and age strength? Knight compares W.'s lines,

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

—*The Fountain*.

TO SLEEP.

Composition and publication. This sonnet is the second and best of three on the same subject, composed in 1806, and published in 1807. The others begin

O gentle sleep ! do they belong to thee.

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep.

The subject with other poets. The lines recall numerous invocations of like nature elsewhere :—

Iris to the God Sleep,—

Somne, quies rerum, placidissime Somne Deorum,

Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis

Fessa ministeriis muleas, reparasque labori.

—Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 623ff.

The lament of King Henry (quoted in the Appendix) :

O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, etc.

—II. *Henry IV.*, iii. i.

Macbeth's cry,—

Methought I heard a voice cry ' Sleep no more !

Macbeth does murder sleep ' ; the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

—*Macbeth*, ii. ii.

Sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man
Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken !
Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.

—Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Elizabeth*.

For Sidney's sonnet on Sleep, see Appendix ; for Daniel's sonnet *To Sleep*, see Sharp's *Sonnets of This Century*.

l. 5.—I have thought of all by turns, etc. The reading of 1815. W. found this line refractory.

1807. I've thought of all by turns : and still I lie
 1827. By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie
 1838. I thought of all by turns, and yet I lie

"Wordsworth probably did not quite like the 'do lie' of 1845, but preferred it to beginning a line with 'I' and ending it with the double *i* vowel of 'I lie.'"—Dowden, iii. 334.

l. 8.—*cuckoo's melancholy cry*. Compare W.'s poem *To the Cuckoo*, in the Appendix. The Poets have not always regarded the song of the cuckoo as melancholy.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

—Logan, *To the Cuckoo*.

Yet the solitary song, "the loud, guttural call in the depths of the forest,"—a "wandering voice"—justifies the epithet.

l. 13.—*between*. So 1832; but 1807, *betwixt*.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Composition and publication. This sonnet is one of a series on ecclesiastical subjects. "During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a . . Friend in a walk . . to fix upon the site of a New Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings. . . Not long after some of the Sonnets were composed. The Catholic Question . . kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me, that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country, might advantageously be presented to view in verse."—W., 1822. "My purpose in writing the series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation."—W.'s

note to Miss Fenwick, Knight; vii. 2. "For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shock of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets; but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty."—Pref., ed. 1822.

The sonnet-sequence was published in 1822, entitled *Ecclesiastical Sketches*. It contained 102 Sonnets, of which *Inside King's College Chapel* is No. xxxiii. of Pt. III. Additional poems made the total number 132, of which our Sonnet is III. xliii. It follows a general sonnet on Cathedrals, celebrating the beauty of the Everlasting Piles, and precedes a second sonnet on King's College Chapel, depicting especially the effect of its organ-music.

The subject of the sonnet. King's College, Cambridge, and the magnificent Chapel, the glory of the University, were founded in 1441 by Henry VI. (1421-1472). The work of building the Chapel, interrupted by the murder of the king, was continued with intermissions by Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., who was chiefly instrumental in bringing it to completion. It was finished shortly after 1527.

The Chapel stands on the north side of the court, facing the great Gothic hall of the College; the Cam, spanned by a single arched bridge, runs past on the west. Its dimensions are noble,—in length 316 ft., breadth 84 ft., extreme height, 146 ft. Towers rise at each angle. On either side eleven buttresses, crowned with lofty pinnacles, separate twelve magnificent windows. "The interior has a richly vaulted roof of twelve divisions or severies, of the pattern called fan tracery. In the centre of each division is a pendant keystone, faced with a rose.... The spaces between the windows are filled with niches and with roses, portcullises, and fleur-de-lis.... Throughout the building the stone

carvings are of astonishing boldness, and in the first style of art." (See Cooper, *Memorials of Cambridge*, I. 171ff., where splendid engravings of the College and Chapel are to be found.)

W., it will be remembered, was a student in St. John's College, Cambridge. One of the two sonnets is the probable outcome of W.'s visit to Cambridge in November and December of 1820. Knight, *Life*, iii. 53f.

Page 39. l. 1.—the royal saint. It is said of Henry VI., that "his misfortunes and meek piety greatly endeared him to the common people, who revered his memory with intense devotion. It was believed that miracles were wrought at his tomb, and Henry VII. made an attempt to get him canonized."—Cooper, I. 173.

l. 2.—the Architect. As usual with medieval architecture, the architect's name is nowhere preserved.

l. 3.—Albeit. "All (though) it be," although.

scanty band. The first foundation provided for only twelve scholars more or less. The number was soon increased and determined at seventy, which is the number to-day. These are chosen from students of Eton College.

l. 4.—white-robed scholars White-robed, 1822; white robed, 1843, 1846. Clothed in surplice for divine service in the Chapel.

l. 6f.—Give all thou canst, etc. "I would place first that spirit... which offers for such work precious things, simply because they are precious; not as being necessary to the building, but as offering, surrendering, and sacrifice of what is to ourselves desirable... It is a spirit, for instance, which of two marbles, equally beautiful, applicable and durable, would choose the more costly, because it was so, and of two kinds of decoration, equally effective, would choose the more elaborate because it was so, in order that it might in the same compass present more cost and more thought."—Ruskin, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, chap. i.

l. 9.—lofty pillars. Strictly there are no pillars; yet the buttresses of the walls are fashioned inside like pillars.

l. 10.—self-poised. "This most singularly beautiful and ingenious structure [the inner roof of stone] is so contrived that it has no dependence whatever upon the walls the whole weight of the roof being supported by the buttresses and towers alone Such a combination of ingenuity with beauty, of lightness with stability, of architectural symmetry with mechanical skill, is probably without a parallel in any part of the world."—*The Cambridge Guide*, p. 77.

scooped into ten thousand cells. The vaulted roof is divided into twelve parts of equal height, and each vault is marked by lines converging ("that branching roof") at the buttresses that support it; these lines are again cut by concentric circles, and elaborate stone tracery fills every space.

l. 11.—where music dwells.

But from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains.

—*King's College Chapel*, (second sonnet).

TO A SKYLARK.

Composition and publication. This lyric is one of the best poems of W.'s latest period, showing the "meditative wisdom" of this period, while the earlier lyric on the same subject (1805) shows his passionate joy in nature. It was written at Rydal Mount, Grassmere, where W. had removed in 1813. Its composition is dated '825; its publication 1827.

The subject of the poem. "The bird that occupies the second place to the nightingale in British poetical literature is the skylark, a pastoral bird as the Philomel is an arboreal,—a creature of light and air and motion, the companion of the plowman, the shepherd, the harvester,—whose nest is in the stubble and whose tryst is in the clouds. Its life affords that kind of contrast which the imagination loves—one moment a plain pedestrian-bird, hardly distinguishable from the ground, the next a soaring, untiring songster, reveling in the upper air, challenging the eye to follow him and the ear to separate his notes.

The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithe-some, sibilant, and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes its home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down [cf. Coleridge, *A.M.*, l. 358] thick and fast as drops of rain in a summer shower."—John Burroughs, *Birds and Poets*.

Other poems on the Lark. The Elizabethans first gave fit expression to the charm of the Lark's song.

What is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

—John Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. 1.

Lyly was imitated by Shakspeare in

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.

—*Cymbeline*, iii, ii.

James Hogg (1772–1835) led the way to the modern lyrics. (His *Lark* is reprinted in the Appendix.) In 1805, W.'s first lyric *To a Skylark*,

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!

was written. Then came Shelley's wonderful *Ode to the Skylark*, 1820, and in 1825 the present poem was composed. William Watson's new poem (see Appendix) is justly admired.

Page 40. l. 5f.—Or, while thy wings aspire, etc.

So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free.

—*A Morning Exercise.*

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.

—Davenant.

ll. 7-12.—To the last point, etc. This stanza, which belonged to the poem till 1813, was in 1846 transferred to *A Morning Exercise* (composed 1828), of which it became the eighth stanza. See final note.

l. 13.—her shady wood.

Thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

—Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*.

l. 16.—with instinct less divine. "Instinct" took the place of "rapture" in 1827.

l. 18.—True to the kindred points, etc. Cf.

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

—Hogg, *The Lark*.

Speaking of *A Morning Exercise*, W., in a note to Miss Fenwick, remarked: "I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the Skylark." These stanzas are:

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilled,
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build
On such forbearance as the deep may show;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;
Yet more hath nature reconciled in thee;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-weary'd voice.

To the last point of view, etc.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
 With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
 The harmony thy notes most gladly make
 Where earth resembles most his own domain !
 Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear
 These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
 To day-light known deter from that pursuit,
 'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars
 Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute ;
 For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
 Wert thou among them, singing as they shine !

WHY ART THOU SILENT?

Composition and publication. Composed in 1835 and published in the same year. The circumstances of its publication are told by the poet as follows :—" In the month of January when Dora and I were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across the Vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to her cousin C. W."—W., to Miss Fenwick.

Page 41.—Title. The poem is indexed in the edd. 1835, etc., Why art thou silent. The title, "To a Distant Friend," found in the *Golden Treasury*, is Mr. Palgrave's invention.

1. 6.—**Bound to thy service**, etc. The reading of 1846. 1835-1843. (As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,

1. 8.—**a mendicant**, etc. A suggestion of *Matth.* xv. 27.

1. 15.—**eglantine**. (OFr. *aiglantin*, pertaining to *aiglant*, sweet-briar.) The well-known sweet-briar.

CAMPBELL.

HOHENLINDEN.

Composition and publication. Campbell's visit to Ratisbon brought him in view of the scene of the war of France with Austria and Bavaria. He witnessed the battles fought near Ratisbon and Ingolstadt, scenes which he never forgot. But forced to retire from Ratisbon (see p. 242), he saw nothing of the battle of Hohenlinden. Two years later, 1802, while acting as secretary to Lord Minto in London, he composed *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden*. These he printed anonymously, dedicated to his friend the Rev. Archibald Alison.

Historical basis of the poem. Napoleon had despatched Moreau into Bavaria to operate against the Austro-Bavarian forces. He was advancing upon the rivers descending the Alps into the Danube when on the 3rd of December, 1800, he was attacked by the Austrian Archduke John. The battle that ensued was a brilliant victory for the French, and effected the armistice of Steier and the Peace of Lunéville (Feb., 1801).

Hohenlinden is a village and forest in Upper Bavaria, near Ebersberg, twenty miles east of Munich.* "The

*We left the little village where we were quartered for the night and took a foot-path which led across the country to the field of Hohenlinden, about six miles distant. The name had been familiar to me from childhood, and my love for Campbell, with the recollection of the school exhibitions, where "On Linden when the sun was low" had been so often declaimed, induced me to make the excursion to it. We traversed a huge forest belonging to the King of Bavaria, and came out on a plain covered with grain-fields and bounded on the right by a semi-circle of low hills. Over the fields, about two miles distant, a tall minaret like spire rose from a small cluster of houses, and this was Hohenlinden. To tell the truth, I had been expecting something more. The "hills of blood-stained snow" are very small hills indeed, and the "Iser rolling rapidly," is several miles off; it was the spot, however, and we recited Campbell's poem, of course, and brought away a few wild flowers as memorials. There is no monument or any other token of the battle, and the people seem to have already forgotten the scene of Moreau's victory and their defeat."—Bayard Taylor, *Views A-foot*, ch. xxv.

space which lies between the Inn and the Iser, which is from twelve to fifteen leagues in breadth, is intersected in its centre by this forest. Parallel to the course of the two rivers, its woods form a natural barrier or stockade, six or seven leagues long, and from a league to a league and a half broad. Two great roads only, that from Munich to Wasserburg, and that from Munich to Mühldorf traverse that thick and gloomy forest, where the pine-trees approach each other so closely as in most places to render the passage of cavalry, excepting in the great roads, impossible. The village of Hohenlinden is at the entrance of the Munich side of the one defile, that of Mattenpott, at its mouth, leading to Mühldorf."—Alison, *History of Europe*, v. 419f.

The Austrian and Bavarian forces had crossed the Inn, which flows from the Tyrol into the Danube, had advanced into Bavaria, and had obtained some slight successes that threw the French army under Moreau back upon Hohenlinden, where a decisive battle was expected. When the Austrian army advanced unsuspectingly through the dangerous roads of the forest, Moreau prepared to attack them as they issued from the defiles, and also to fall upon them on the flank. The Imperial columns began their march two hours before dawn, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm that obliterated all road-marks and prevented the intercommunication of the columns. The Austrian centre approached Hohenlinden about nine o'clock, but they were met by Grouchy. The darkness of the storm hid the ranks from each other, only the flashing of the guns revealing the presence of the enemy. Driven back into the forest, the Austrians fought bravely, and "the contending armies broken in single file, fought, man to man, with invincible resolution." Meanwhile the other divisions were crushed by Ney and Grenier, while Richepanse fell on the rear. "No words can paint the confusion that ensued in the Austrian columns. The artillery drivers cut their

traces, and galloped in all directions into the forest; the infantry disbanded and fled, the cavalry rushed in tumultuous squadrons to the rear, trampling under foot whatever opposed their passage" (Alison). The Imperialists, weakened by the loss of above a hundred pieces of cannon and fourteen thousand soldiers, took advantage of the night to withdraw their shattered forces across the Inn. Peace quickly followed this victory.

Page 42. l. 3.—dark as winter. The poet thinks of the gloomy side of the season, its clouded skies, sombre forests, etc. The figure likewise calls up the blackness of the stream in contrast with its snowy banks.

l. 4.—**Iser or Isar** (*ézer*). Rises in the Tyrol, below Innsbrück, entering Bavaria it flows N. N. W. past Munich to Freising, turns E. N. E. past Landshut and Landau, and after a course of 190 miles joins the Danube below Deggendorf. Its current is extremely rapid.

Campbell has a drinking song celebrating the "sunny bowers" and "flowery gardens" of the Iser.

l. 15.—**louder**. "Louder was afterwards rejected for volleying, but ultimately restored."—Beattie, i. 420*n*. We presume "volleying like" is meant.

Page 43. l. 21.—**level sun**.—A favourite description of the sun's rays at sunrise or sunset. Cf. *Evangeline*, l. 490.

The glorious sun
Walks with level steps the spray.

—Bayard Taylor, *Ariel*.

l. 23.—**Frank**. The Franks, a Germanic tribe, subduing the Celts of Gallia, gave their name to the whole people. Here used poetically for Frenchman.

Hun. The connection of the Huns with the Hungarians, which Campbell here makes, is very distant if not entirely doubtful. The word stands here poetically for the Austrians.

l. 25.—**On, ye brave**, etc. Scott no doubt imitates the trumpet tones of these lines in *Marmion*, vi. xxxii.

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! .
Were the last words of Marmion.

l. 27.—**Munich** (*mū'nik*). The capital of Bavaria, on the Iser; here poetically for the Bavarian army.

l. 28.—**chivalry**. The older and historically accurate pronunciation (*tchiv'al rē*) gives here a much stronger line. The poet probably used this pronunciation, which is still regarded by some (*e.g.*, Skeat) as the better.

Dr. Duncan records some good-natured banter of Campbell's friends at Liverpool over *Hohenlinden*:—"Surely," said one, "You exceed all license when you say—

'And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed their red artillery!'

If the *flash* was so loud what must have been the *report*? "Campbell looked as if taken aback, not knowing whether to consider the criticism as intended for a joke or earnest; but presently retorting the banter, he replied:—"If you understood grammatical construction, you could not have made that remark. Put it into prose, and how does it read?—"Their red artillery, louder than the bolts of heaven, flashed far." "Very good; but there is something else," said I, "which proves at least that you are well skilled in the figure of bathos—

'Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then flew the steed to battle driven!'

Oh what a falling off was there!" "How could I help it?" replied the poet, somewhat moved. "The battle began by a general discharge of artillery along the whole line; and then, amidst the obscurity of the smoke, the cavalry made their attack on the broken ranks of the

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enemy." "Well, parried," returned I, "[but] were Milton alive, I think he might accuse you of theft,—

'Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave.'

"Oh I know to what you allude," interrupted he,—

'Wave

Your tops, ye pines, in sign of worship wave.'

But do you call that a fault?" "Let that pass!" said I, "but pray tell me, if your soldiers were buried 'feet downwards,' and what was the size of the 'turfs' that covered them, for you say—

'And every turf beneath his feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

"I can stand this no longer," cried the badgered Poet; and, starting to his feet, made towards the door, adding, "Oh, we poor poets! what have we to endure!"—Beattie, i. 419ff.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Composition and publication. "Mrs. Ireland, who saw much of Campbell at this time [at Edinburgh, in 1799] mentions that it was in the musical evenings at her mother's home, that he appeared to derive greatest enjoyment. At these *soirées* his favourite song was "Ye Gentlemen of England,"* with the music of which he was particularly

*YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly shew
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, etc.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em

Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel,
And the stormy winds do blow.
And the stormy, etc.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd;
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know;
Then be bold—work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, etc.
—Martyn Parker, 1630.

struck, and determined to write new words for it. Hence his noble and heart-stirring lyric of "Ye Mariners of England," part of which, if not all, he is said to have composed after one of these friendly parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon, and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch and sent it home to Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*.—Beattie, i. 264.

The immediate cause of the completion of the song was the prospect of a war with the North. Napoleon had gained supreme power as First Consul of France and the Czar Paul of Russia, a Bonaparte enthusiast, announced an armed neutrality in Oct. of 1800. Throughout this year the Danes had been struggling against the British right of search of neutral vessels. Sweden stood ready as well to join the Neutral League. With the opening of the spring of 1801, it was plain the fleets of the Northern powers would be at the disposal of Napoleon to strike at Great Britain. (See Green, bk. ix.) Campbell, who had gone to the Continent in June, 1800, was driven from Ratisbon in October by the war between Austria and France, and forced to return to Altona (near Hamburg). In the group of strangers at Altona the prospect of the Northern war was the topic of daily conversation and the inspiration that bore him on to the completion of his splendid patriotic lyric. It was sent to Mr. Perry and published in the "*Morning Chronicle*" under the title "Alterations of an old ballad 'Ye Gentlemen of England'; and signed "Amator Patriae."

Page 44. l. 8.—winds do blow. Stormy tempests blow, was the reading as late as 1830, but it was finally revised in harmony with the original song, and so printed in 1840. This applies to other instances of the refrain ll. 10, 18, 20, etc.

1. 15.—**Blake and mighty Nelson.** Types of chivalrous courage and patriotism. **Robert Blake** (1599-1657), British admiral, defeated the Dutch Admirals Tromp in the Downs, De With and De Ruyter at the mouth of the Thames, and suffered partial defeat from Tromp, in 1652. He was partially victorious over Tromp in the following year, when he was dangerously wounded. Blake's final achievements were to extirpate the pirates from Tunis and to annihilate the Spanish fleet off Santa Cruz, dying shortly after this last victory. He lay buried in Westminster Abbey till the Restoration took revenge on his bones. "More even than by his glory and his success, the memory of Blake is dear to the English people by the traditions of his chivalrous character and of his unselfish patriotism."—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*

Nelson. Horatio Nelson (1758-1805), victorious in the battle of Aboukir Bay, Copenhagen, Trafalgar. His name and fame are household words. See Southey's *Life of Nelson*, a worthy tribute to a great hero, for details.

The poem was composed during the lifetime of Nelson, so that this line, as originally written, ran

Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fell,

Page 45. 1. 21.—**bulwarks.** Before 1840, bulwark. Dut. *bolwerk*—*bol*, bole, tree-trunk, *werk*, work, a barricade of logs; hence, as here, rampart or mound for fortification.

1. 22.—**No towers along the steep.** "The great work, then in progress, of fortifying every assailable point along the Straits of Dover, westward, with Martello towers, presented a feature in our warlike preparations of which the poet knew well how to take advantage."—Beattie, i. 341.

1. 25f.—**with thunders . . . the floods below.** A periphrasis for, she rules the stormy sea. The thunder of her guns is much more fearful than the roar of the waves,

native oak. Native merely as a characteristic tree of England. The periphrasis is a favourite one for old British warships.

l. 81f.—**meteor flag . . . terrific burn.** The language implies the olden belief that appearances of meteors portend disaster to individuals or the world.

Comets, importing change of times and states.

—Shakspeare, *I. Henry VI.*, i.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

—*Julius Caesar*, ii. ii.

l. 83.—**danger's troubled night depart.** See Introductory Note. The poem voices the sentiment of England during the Napoleonic struggle. Campbell, it is said, helped greatly by his lyric to win Trafalgar.

l. 84.—**Star of peace.**

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love,

—Campbell, *To the Evening Star*.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

First draft of the poem. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, March 27th, 1805, Campbell enclosed the first draft of the *Battle of the Baltic*. It contained twenty-seven 6-l. stanzas, as against the eight 9-l. stanzas of the published form. This earlier draft, preserved and printed in Beattie's *Life*, ii. 42ff. is a distinctly weak version, and the cutting down and revising gave wonderful vigour to thought, expression, and rythmical swing. The mode of condensation may be judged by comparing the first stanza of our poem with the first two stanzas of the original.

Of Nelson and the north,
Sing the day;
When, their haughty powers to
vex,
He engaged the Danish decks
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray.

All bright, in April's sun,
Shone the day;
When a British fleet came down,
Through the islands of the crown,
And by Copenhagen's town
Took their stay.

The weakness of much of this first draft may be judged from such a stanza as this:—

Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the King shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!

Yet an occasional good line has disappeared with the bad:—
Of Nelson,—

For to him 'twas all the same—
Sport and war.

Of the sailors,—

You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

Revision and publication. This first draft was "composed at short intervals during the winter and finished in

April [1805]. Condensed and thoroughly revised, it appeared in company with *Gertrude of Wyoming*, in the volume of 1809, and was immediately set to music and sung everywhere.

Historical note. Reference has already been made (*Ye Mariners*, Introd. note) to the Northern Neutral League. The British government, knowing that this League proposed to hand over their fleets at Copenhagen, Revel, and Cronst to the French, sent Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson second in command, into the Baltic. Full details of the operations, which resulted in the destruction of the Danish fleet, may be read in Southey's *Life of Nelson*, Clarke and McArthur's *Life of Lord Nelson*, and Nicolas, *Letters and Despatches of Lord Nelson*.

On the night of the 11th of April, 1801, after successfully passing Kronborg Castle, which guards the Sound, the British fleet anchored off Draco Point, within two miles of the enemy's fleet and the defences of Copenhagen. The next morning Nelson joined battle with the Danish ships and batteries. In five hours fifteen of the seventeen Danish vessels were taken or sunk. The victory resulted in an armistice with Denmark, which gave the British fleet the opportunity to advance against the Swedes and Russians. However the death of the Czar Paul and the consequent dissolution of the Northern League made this last step unnecessary.

Page 46. l. 1.—Nelson and the North . . . day's renown. Campbell has not the classic accuracy of language of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Much must be interpreted kindly.

l. 8.—**the Prince of all the land.** Frederick, afterwards the VI. (1768-1838), regent for his father, Christian VII., and nephew of George III. of England.

l. 10.—**leviathans.** Late Lat. *leviathan*, from Heb. *lwyāthān*, an aquatic monster; in the Scriptures, possibly a crocodile: hence any colossal aquatic animal; hence, too,

any colossal structure. Byron refers as well to "the oak leviathans."—*Childe Harold*, iv. clxxxi.

1. 12.—**sign of battle.** "His Lordship called.... 'Is No. 16 (the signal for action) still hoisted?' The lieutenant answering in the affirmative, Lord Nelson said, 'Mind you keep it so.'"—Col. Stewart, in *Clarke and McArthur's Life*.

1. 14.—**ten of April morn.** "The action began at five minutes past ten. In about half an hour afterwards the first half of our Fleet was engaged, and before half-past eleven the Battle became general."—Col. Stewart.

1. 19f.—**flush'd To anticipate.** The courage of the British sailors glowed in anticipation of the fight.

1. 21.—**her van.** "At half-past nine the signal was given to weigh in succession. This was quickly obeyed by the *Edgar*." Then came the *Polyphemus*, followed by the *Iris*, *Bellona* and *Russell*, etc.—Col. Stewart.

Page 47. 1. 24.—**adamantine.** (From OFr. *adamaunt*, Lat. *adamas*.) Like adamant, a real or imaginary metal of excessive hardness.

1. 35.—**in conflagration pale.** "On our smoke clearing away, the Dannebrog was found to be drifting in flames before the wind, spreading terror throughout the enemy's line."—Col. Stewart.

1. 39.—**As he hail'd them.** Interpret freely. Nelson, at half-past two o'clock, when most of the Danish ships had ceased firing, sent the following message with a flag of truce:—

"To the brothers of Englishmen, the Danes. Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark, when no longer resisting, but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, Lord Nelson will be obliged to set on fire all the Floating-batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them."

The Prince Regent asked the precise meaning of the despatch, and Nelson answered: "Lord Nelson's object in

sending on shore a Flag of Truce is humanity: he, therefore, consents that hostilities shall cease till Lord Nelson can take his prisoners out of the Prizes, and he consents to land all the wounded Danes, and to burn or remove his prizes. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to His Royal Highness, begs leave to say that he will ever esteem it the greatest victory he ever gained, if this Flag of Truce may be the forerunner of a lasting and happy union between my most gracious Sovereign and his Majesty the King of Denmark." An armistice of fourteen weeks was thereupon concluded.

l. 45.—our King. George III., who reigned from 1760 till 1820.

l. 46ff.—Denmark bless'd our chief. This was the current notion in England. "Lord Nelson in consequence went on shore, and was received by a brave and generous people....with the loudest and most general acclamations."—Speech of Mr. Addington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, April 16th. But Southey says, "There were neither acclamations nor murmurs."

Page 48. l. 61f.—stormy steep, Elsinore. Dan. Helsingør, a town in Denmark on the island of Zealand, at a point nearest (two-and-a-half miles) the coast of Sweden, twenty-four miles from Copenhagen; the scene of Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. Kronborg Castle is near by.

"Here, again, I must find fault with Campbell, splendid lyrist, as he is. We should have been sailing

'By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!'

only that the level shore, with its fair gardens and groves, wouldn't admit the possibility of such a thing. The music of the line remains the same, but you must not read it on the spot."—Bayard Taylor, *Northern Travel*, chap. xix.

l. 67.—the gallant good Riou (*rē ōō'*). Campbell added a Note to his line: "Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant

and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote his despatches." Nelson came to know him only shortly after the battle, when he was struck by the fine condition of his ship the Amazon. Riou was given command of the frigates in the battle, and endeavoured with them to take the place of the ships of the line that had run aground. His force was unequal to it, and was called off. As the Amazon showed her stern to the Tre Kroner a raking shot killed him. "He was sitting on a gun encouraging his men, and had been wounded in the head by a splinter....Obliged to retreat....he observed, 'What will Nelson think of us?' His Clerk was killed by his side; and by another shot several of the Marines shared the same fate. Riou then exclaimed, 'Come, then, my boys, let us die together!' The words were scarcely uttered, when the fatal shot severed him in two....A character of singular worth, resembling the heroes of romance" (Col. Stewart). Nelson's despatch to Sir Hyde Parker, the 3rd of April, refers to "the accidents which unhappily threw the gallant and good Captain Riou....under a heavy fire. The consequence was the death of Captain Riou, and many brave officers and men" (Nicolas, iv. 313ff).

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

Composition and publication. This poem is not, I believe, in any edition published in the poet's lifetime. It appears in the London ed. of 1857, with the title as above. The sub-title on p. 49 is that of the *Golden Treasury*,—Mr. Palgrave's invention.

Page 49. l. 11.—Ye stars, that measure life. A beautiful periphrasis for Time, measured by the apparent revolution of the stars. One recalls the line

And every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year.
—Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*.

LONGFELLOW.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Composition and publication. Longfellow's *Journal*, July 26, 1838, reads: "I sit at an open window this bright morning, and am also happy, though alone. Wrote a 'Psalm of Life' which I suppose will soon go into the *Knickerbocker* or some other magazine." Later he wrote: "I kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to show it to anyone, it being a voice from my inmost heart at a time when I was rallying from depression." It was read to his college class in Harvard after a lecture on Goethe, and published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, N. Y., Sept., 1838. Originally it bore under the title a motto from Crashaw (1616-1650),—

'Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend.'

This motto, however, does not appear in *Voices of the Night*, 1839, where L. first gathered together his magazine waifs. The text of the *Psalm* in this 1839 ed. has undergone no alteration.

Its reception. "It at once attracted attention. Here was evidently a new strain in American poetry. It has perhaps grown too familiar for us to read it as it was first read. But if the ideas have become commonplace, it has been well said that it is this poem that has made them so. Those who remember its first appearance know what wonderful freshness it had. It was copied far and wide. Young men read it with delight; their hearts were stirred by it as by a bugle summons. It roused them to high resolve, and wakened them to a new sense of the meaning

and worth of life. They did not stop to ask critically whether or not it passed the line which separates poetry from preaching, or whether its didactic merit was a poetic defect. It was enough that it inspired them and enlarged their lives."—Samuel Longfellow, *Life*, etc., i. 271.

Page 50. The title. A Psalm of Life. L. published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, from Sept. 1838 till Oct. 1839, five poems designated as Psalms:—*A Psalm of Life*, Sept. 1838; *A Psalm of Death* (afterwards called simply, *The Reaper and the Flowers*) and *A Second Psalm of Life* (afterwards simply, *The Light of Stars*), Jan. 1839; *Voices of the Night*, *A Third Psalm of Life* (*Footsteps of Angels*), May, 1839; *The Fifth Psalm*, *A Midnight Mass for the Dying Year*, Oct. 1839. Of these only the first and prototype has retained its title. From the application of the word Psalm to the various poems mentioned, it is clear that the word is used very generally, like ode, sonnet, etc., and indicates only a lyrical poem of a meditative or philosophic cast on certain sober phases of human life.

Sub-title. The Psalmist. "The question has sometimes been asked, Who is the 'Psalmist' to whom the 'heart of the young man' responds? As none of the Hebrew Psalms is remembered as containing the combated expression, it has been supposed that the word should have been 'Preacher,' in reference to Ecclesiastes. But we have the author's own word, written in after years, that 'the Psalmist' was neither David nor Solomon, but simply *the writer of this psalm*. It was the young man's better heart, answering and refuting his own mood of despondency."—Samuel Longfellow, *Life*, i. 272f.

l. 1.—mournful numbers. Numbers for verses, from the regular number of the syllables; hence, as here, any chant or song. "Mournful numbers" would well describe the *Dies Irae* or other mournful chant of the emptiness and transiency of human life.

1. 2.—**Life....an empty dream.** Not an exact biblical phrase, yet reminiscent of "vanity of vanities" of *Eccles.* i. 2; xii. 8; "all flesh is grass," *Is.* xl. 6; and of *Ps.* cx. 4ff., etc.

1. 3.—**slumbers.** Note the aptness of the word in describing people to whom life is a *dream*. This is the sleep of death when we grow indifferent to the high purpose of life. Prospero has a wider philosophic view before him when he says,—

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

—*Tempest*, iv. 1.

1. 4.—**things are not what they seem.**

Non semper ea sunt, quae videntur.

—Phædrus (c. B.C. 30—44 A.D.), *Fables*, iv. 2.

1. 5.—**real.** Note the dissyllable, the proper pronunciation.

1. 7.—**Dust thou art**, etc. *Gen.* iii. 19; *Burial Service*, Book of Common Prayer; but especially *Eccles.* xii. 7.

1. 9.—**Not enjoyment, and not sorrow.** Cf. *Prov.* xxx. 8.

1. 10.—**end or way.** The object of life or the means by which the goal of life may be obtained.

1. 11.—**act.** *Knickerbocker* italicizes, showing the poet's desire of emphasis. Cf. *Eccles.* ix. 10.

1. 13.—**Art is long**, etc. Progress to perfection in art is slow, but time goes fast,—a favourite aphorism of Longfellow.

ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή

—Hippocrates (B.C. 460-357), *Aphorism* 1.

Vitam brevem esse, longam artem.

—Seneca, *de Brev. Vitae*, i.

The lyfe so short, the craft to long to lerne.

—Chaucer, *Parl. of Foules*, l. 1.

1. 14ff.—hearts....like muffled drums....grave. Drums are muffled during the funeral march by stopping with a cloth the vibration of the strings across the drumhead.

Our lives are but our marches to the grave.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, iii. 5.

But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come:
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

—Henry King (1591–1669), B. of Chichester, *Elegy*.

“Mr. Longfellow asserted that the Bishop’s poem was certainly not in his mind when he wrote, even if he had ever read it, but the thought came with entire freshness to him.—Samuel Longfellow, *Life*, i. 273 n.

Page 51. 1. 18.—bivouac of Life. Pronounce *biv' 55 ak*. Repeats the preceding line with the added suggestion of the short duration of life, the necessity of vigilance against the enemies of sloth and indifference.

1. 22.—Let the dead past, etc. Cf. *Luke ix. 60*.

1. 23.—Act,—act in the....Present. Cf. the motto of L.’s *Hyperion* (1838–9).—“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart.” In the same volume, iii. viii., the thought is expanded in connection with the motto from Crashaw (see *Intro. note*):—“It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance—no longer be a child’s plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others....and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality; I will work in my own sphere....This alone is Life.”

the living Present. As distinguished from the Past that is dead and gone, and the Future that is but fancy.

11. 28, 29.—Footprints. *Knickerbocker* reads, Footsteps. The construction is faulty. Lit., the voyager, shipwrecked, beholds, from his vessel on the high sea, footprints on the shore. But the real meaning is clear and powerful.

In the *Journal*, March 9th, 1855, we learn that Lady Byron has written to say "a dying soldier on the field before Sebastopol was heard repeating the line—

Footprints on the sands of time.

"How brave is the world after all! Its toiling multitudes gladly take for their own a song that promises no rest, but only cheers them on to be up and doing."—Robertson.

1. 34.—A heart for any fate.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

—Byron, *To Thomas Moore*.

1. 35.—still achieving....pursuing. Ever accomplishing something: yet ever ceaselessly pressing forward to new achievements.

1. 36.—and to wait.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

—Milton, *On his Blindness*.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

Composition and publication.—"The last day of summer. Began my college work; classes unusually large. In the afternoon a delicious drive with F. and C. [his wife Frances and his first child] through Brookline, by the church and 'the green-lane,' and homeward through a lovelier lane, with barberries and wild vines clustering over the old stone walls."—Longfellow, *Journal*, Aug. 31, 1846. This reference to "the green lane," l. 10, associates the poem therefore with Brookline, the rich beautiful residential suburb to the south-west of Boston, and its Unitarian Church.

The poem was written before the time of the entry in the *Journal*. One would fancy it recalled days of courtship or of early married life, which, as the poet took his second wife in 1843, is not improbable. It was published in the volume called *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*, Cambridge, 1846, pp. 19-22. There are no changes from this first printed version.

Page 52. l. 9.—the highway to the town. Apparently Western Avenue, a splendid roadway, built in 1821.

l. 12.—O gentlest of my friends! This seems to suggest his wife, Frances Appleton Longfellow. In *Hyperion* she is described:—"Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness—of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the *lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*,—the lightning of the angelic smile. And O, those eyes—those deep unutterable eyes, with 'down-falling eyelids full of dreams and slumber,' and within them a cold living light, as in mountain lakes at evening.... Every step,

every attitude, was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within. And what a soul was hers! A temple dedicated to heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above. And earthly passions in the forms of gods were no longer there, but the sweet and thoughtful faces of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and the Saints.—*Hyperion*, iii. iv.

l. 13.—linden trees. The American linden-tree, or bass-wood, sweet in spring with odorous yellow blossoms.

Page 53. l. 21ff.—I saw the branches of the trees, etc. Lines worthy of a place with,

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the light hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.

—Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, l. xviii.

For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

—Tennyson, *Maud*, xli.

l. 25f.—“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,” etc. Quoted from a favourite hymn of the Unitarian church in America, written by an English poetess:—

Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn’.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh controul;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thought!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity!

—Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743–1825).

l. 81.—Like the celestial ladder. Cf. *Evang.*, l. 821. The poet was fond to a fault of certain comparisons

and allusions, especially of comparisons and allusions drawn from the Bible. The prevalence in his work of these biblical references is, without doubt, due to the Puritan background of New England life. The student of New England literature will have noticed that this peculiarity of style is even more marked in the poetry of Longfellow's predecessors. Here the religious associations make the comparison very apt.

l. 39f.—For he spake of Ruth.... I thought of thee.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

—Bayard Taylor, *The Song of the Camp*.

Ruth the beautiful. See *Ruth*, i-iv.

Page 54. l. 49ff.—thoughts....like pine trees, etc. The imagery is sombre here, suggesting the thoughts of pain, the *Weltschmerz*, that dim all present joys. Yet behind this cloud is the Gleam of Sunshine (cf. l. 47) of her remembered presence, shining on the happy past.

THE DAY IS DONE.

Composition and publication. On Nov. 26, 1844, L. wrote to his father, "I have also in press a small volume of poems,—a selection merely, of favorite pieces,—to be called the *Waif*, with an introductory poem by myself." *The Waif, a Collection of Poems*, was published in Cambridge, Christmas of 1844, dated 1845, containing various stray floating pieces along with poems of Herrick, Shelley, Browning, etc. The Proem, or Introduction, is the present poem. It was republished in *The Belfry of Bruges*, etc., under its present title. From these earliest texts there are no variations.

Balfe's pretty music for this song was written in 1856.

Keat's sonnet, *The Day is Gone*, is a treatment of the same theme in a very different spirit.

Page 56. l. 5.—the lights of the village. Cambridge itself, frequently referred to in the *Journal* as "the village," and only about 1853 (see *Journal*, Sept. 21) turning into a city.

l. 16.—thoughts. An archaic sense, anxious thoughts, cares (l. 42). Cf. "Take no *thought* for your life, what ye shall eat."—*Matt.* vi. 25.

l. 29.—long days of labor, etc.

To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

—Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 73.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Composition and publication. In the town of Pittsfield in western Massachusetts, stands the mansion formerly (till 1853) belonging to the Appletons. It is an old-fashioned country-house standing back from the street among splendid trees. One of its greatest ornaments was a great clock on the stairway.

When Longfellow in 1843 married Frances Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton of Boston, they spent part of their wedding journey with Mrs. Longfellow's relatives at Pittsfield in the family mansion. There L. saw the clock of our poem, and learned those incidents of the history of the Appleton family, which he afterwards embodied in its verses. On the sale of the family mansion the old clock was reserved and brought to Boston, "where it still stands in the hallway of Mr. Thomas Appleton's residence."

In his *Journal*, Nov. 12, 1845, L. wrote: "Began a poem on a clock, with the words, "Forever, never" as the burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity, "C'est une pendule," etc.

The poem was first printed in *The Belfry of Bruges*, etc. The text has not varied since its first publication.

Page 57.—The motto. "Eternity is a clock the pendulum of which says and repeats ceaselessly these two words only, in the silence of the tombs: Ever! never! Ever! never!"

Jacques Bridaine (1701–1767). Pronounce *zhak brē-dān'*. Educated at the Jesuit College of Avignon, France, a missionary priest of wonderful eloquence, force and imagination, devoting himself to evangelical work throughout the towns of Central and Northern France.

The extract is the exordium of a sermon on Eternity, preached at St. Sulpice. It was preserved by Cardinal Maury and printed by La Harpe, *Cours de littérature*. The concluding words are equally powerful: "And ever during these awful revolutions one reprobate soul cries: What time is it? And the voice of another replies, Eternity."

l. 3.—antique. Note the unusual accent here and in *Evang.*, l. 93. This accentuation was once very common, hence *antic*, which is the same word as *antique* (Fr. *antique*, L. *antiquus*).

How well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world.

—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, ii. iii.

The differentiation of spelling and accent accompanied the differentiation of meaning.

portico. An open porch or piazza, the roof of which is supported by pillars.

Page 58. l. 35.—His great fires. Hospitality personified as the host.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord, etc.

—Scott, *Marmion*, vi. (Introd.)

1. 37.—**skeleton at the feast.** "In social meetings among the rich, when the banquet is ended, a servant carries round to the several guests a coffin, in which there is a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted to resemble nature as nearly as possible, about a cubit or two in length. As he shows it to each guest in turn, the servant says, 'Gaze here, and drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be.'"—Herodotus, i. 78, speaking of the Egyptians (tr. Rawlinson). The same feature of banquets is described in Petronius, *Satyricon*, 84; Plutarch, etc. Numerous references are in the Bible likewise,—2. *Corinth.* xv. 32, etc.

1. 43f.—**O golden prime . . . time !**

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince.

—Shakspeare, *Richard III.*, i. ii. 218.

In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—Tennyson, *Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*

prime. Fr. *prime*, Lat. *prima*, the first hour; hence, here, youth in its highest development.

Page 59. 1. 61.—**long since.** 1846, long-since .

1. 66.—**Where all parting.** *Revel.* xxi. 4.

1. 69.—**horologe** (*hor'o lōdge*). Time-piece. (OFr. *horologe*, Mod. Fr. *horloge*, clock; L. *horologium*; Gk. *hōra*, hour, *legō*, I speak.)

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

Composition and publication. L.'s *Journal* reads under September 29, 1846: "A delicious drive with F. through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead, to visit E. W. at the Devereux Farm by the sea-side. Drove across the beautiful sand. What a delicious scene! The ocean in the sunshine changing from the silvery hue of the thin waves upon the beach, through the lighter and the deeper green, to a rich purple on the horizon. We recalled the times past, and the days when we were at Nahant. The Devereux Farm is by the sea, some miles from Lynn. An old-fashioned farm-house, with low rooms and narrow windows rattling in the sea-breeze. After dinner we drove to Marblehead, - a strange old place on a rocky promontory, with narrow streets, and strange, ugly houses scattered at random, corner-wise and every-wise, thrusting their shoulders into the streets and elbowing the passers out of their way. A dismantled fort looks seaward. We rambled along the breast-works, which are now a public walk, and asked in vain for the reef of Norman's Woe, which is, nevertheless, in this neighborhood. On returning to the Devereux Farm we sat on the rocks and listened to 'the bellowing of the savage sea.'"

The outcome of this visit was the poem *The Fire of Drift-Wood*, which appeared in *Seaside and Fireside*, 1850.

Page 60.—Sub-title. **Marblehead.** "Marblehead is a backbone of granite, a vertebra of syenite and porphyry thrust out into Massachusetts Bay, in the direction of Cape Ann, and hedged about with rocky islets. It is somewhat sheltered from the weight of north-east storms by the sweep of the cape, which launches itself out to sea, and gallantly receives the first buffetings of the Atlantic. The promontory of Marblehead may once have been a prolongation of

Cape Ann, the whole coast hereabouts looking as if the ocean had licked out the softer parts, leaving nothing that was digestible behind. This rock, on which a settlement was begun two hundred and fifty odd years ago, performs its part by making Salem Harbor on one hand, and another for its own shipping on the east, where an appendage known as Marblehead Neck is joined to it by a ligature of sand and shingle. The port [l. 5] is open to the north-east, and vessels are sometimes blown from their anchorage upon the sand banks at the head of the harbor, though the water is generally deep and the shores bold. At the entrance a light-house [l. 7] is built on the entrance point of the Neck; and on a tongue of land opposite is **Fort Sewall** [l. 7] a beckoning finger and a clenched fist....

"The beach is the mall of Marblehead. It opens upon Nahant Bay, and is much exposed to the force of south-east gales. Over this beach a causeway is built.... The Neck is the peculiar domain of a transient population of careworn fugitives from the city [Boston lies 18 miles to the south west]."—Drake, *New England Coast*, p. 228ff.

l. 5.—we saw the port. Of Marblehead. "In a letter in 1879 to a correspondent who had raised a matter-of-fact objection, Mr. L. readily admitted that the harbor and the lighthouse.... could not be seen from the windows of the farm-house."—Note in *Riverside ed.*

l. 6.—old-fashioned, silent town. "I began to have some notion of the maze of rocky lanes, alleys, and courts. Caprice seems to have governed the locality of a majority of the houses by the water-side, and the streets to have adjusted themselves to the wooden anarchy.... or else the houses must have been stranded here by the flood."—Drake, p. 238. The town has taken to making shoes, and is losing in part its silent antique character.

l. 7.—dismantled fort. Fort Sewall, built in 1742, rebuilt during the American Civil War.

l. 81.—the wreck of stranded ships. The fire of ocean

drift-wood is the most beautiful of all open fires. No other wood has such clear, pale, many-coloured flames to mark its burning.

1. 43.—**long-lost ventures.** Venture was formerly often used with the special sense of something sent over seas in trade.

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place.

—Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. i.

Here it is used of the ship itself.

RESIGNATION.

Autobiographical significance. *Resignation*, while representing to us the chastened feelings of fathers and mothers in general on the loss of beloved children, acquires additional interest from its connection with the poet's own life. This poem is the expression of Longfellow's feelings on the death of his infant daughter Frances. In his journal he chronicles the incidents of her short life. "Oct. 30, 1847. Fanny was christened....She looked charmingly, and behaved well throughout. Sept. 4, 1848. Fanny very weak and miserable. Which way will the balance of life and death turn? 10th. A day of agony; the physicians no longer have any hope; I cannot yet abandon it. Motionless she lies; only a little moan now and then. 11th. Lower and lower. Throughout the silent desolate room the clocks tick loud. At half-past four this afternoon she died....Her breathing grew fainter, fainter, then ceased without a sigh, without a flutter—perfectly quiet, perfectly painless. The sweetest expression on her face.

The room was full of angels where she lay;
And when they had departed she was gone.

12th. Our little child was buried to-day. From her nursery, down the front stairs, through my study and into the

library, she was borne in the arms of her old nurse. And thence, after prayer, through the long hall to her coffin and grave. For a long time, I sat by her alone in the darkened library. The twilight fell softly on her placid face and the white flowers she held in her little hands. In the deep silence, the bird sang from the hall, a sad strain, a melancholy *requiem*. It touched and soothed me. *Nov. 12th*. I feel very sad to-day. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An unappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

In the autumn of the year 1848, *Resignation* was written, and appeared as the first poem of the part *By the Fireside* in the volume, *Seaside and Fireside*, Boston, 1850. No changes have been made in this earliest text.

The poem bears a close relationship in phrase and in thought to Vaughan's poem, *They are all Gone*, quoted in the Appendix, with which it should be compared.

Page 62. l. 7.—The heart of Rachel. Rachel stands here as a type of the bereaved mother. See *Jerem.* xxxi. 15 and *Matth.* ii. 18.

l. 9.—**Let us be patient.** One of the poet's favourite virtues is patience. Cf. *Ps. of L.*, l. 36; *Evang.*, l. 725, etc.

l. 10.—**not from the ground arise.** Like noxious exhalations, born of earth. "Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." *Job* v. 6.

l. 14.—**We see but dimly, etc.** Cf. 1. *Corinth.* xiii. 12.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments.

—Shelley, *Adonais*.

l. 15.—**funereal tapers.** Used as typical of all outward signs of sorrow and death. It is customary with the Roman Catholics to surround the confined dead with burning candles.

funereal. Suitable to a funeral, dismal, mournful.

1. 17.—There is no Death....transition.

Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The self-same light, although averted hence.

—Longfellow, *Birds of Killingworth*.

1. 19.—the life elysian. Elysium or the Elysian Fields represented paradise to the Greeks. Amidst its groves and on its meadows set with asphodel, wander the blessed dead, heroes who died in battle, the noble poets, the benefactors of humanity.

Page 63. 1. 22.—school. Not a dignified word in this connection, but elevated by the following description—"a great cloister"—into something massive, antique, inspiring awe and veneration.

1. 25.—cloister. Strictly, a covered walk adjoining the cells of a monastery, usually alongside the inner silent quadrangle; here, the monastery or convent itself.

1. 33f.—we walk with her, etc. Accompany her day by day in thought, keeping close the bond of love with which nature unites parents and child.

1. 41.—in her Father's mansion. A biblical phrase; cf. *John*, xiv. 2.

Page 64. 1. 47.—like the ocean. etc. Cf. *Evang.*, 1. 182.

1. 51.—By silence sanctifying, etc. The progress of thought throughout the poem should be clearly studied, so that the culminating effect of the final stanza may be clearly realized. Death, however it appears, is the work of heaven not earth; it really means a fuller life in Paradise; to mourn is therefore to be rebellious against God; yet the impulse of grief is at times too strong to be wholly repressed; there remains for us, then, only to purify and sanctify this grief through patience and silence.

THE BUILDERS.

Composition and publication. "Finished a poem called 'The Builders.'"—Longfellow's *Journal*, May 9th, 1846. It was published in *Seaside and Fireside*, Second Part, pp. 55-57, and has remained without change throughout all subsequent editions.

The interpretation of the poem. The poem stands in close relation of thought to the *Ladder of St. Augustine*, yet there is a difference. The one is inspired preaching on the necessity of doing each day our best, so that we may attain the heights of intellectual and spiritual being. The latter, however, is in the first place devoted to the spiritual life, to the rise of moral being, consequent on our living down our faults, our mistakes, our vices, growing in moral strength by the struggle. In the closing stanzas of the poem the thought reverts to the theme of *The Builders*, the need of doing our utmost. The two poems and the *Psalm of Life* are eminent instances of Longfellow's didactic poetry, which is conscious preaching, yet so fraught with genuine right feeling and touched with such grace of expression and delicacy of allusion, that it achieves the almost impossible task of being, in addition to preaching, poetry of inspiration.

The allegory that pervades this poem is that of a great temple reared by humanity with its achievements. If we are true builders our deeds will enter as perfect parts into this temple, which will then be fit as for the dwelling of the gods; if we are negligent, then our lives will be but as "blocks of stumbling" to ourselves and to our successors. If our deeds to-day are wise and good, they will amply sustain our deeds of to-morrow, and we rising with our rising deeds at last shall attain the fullest perfection of which life is capable. The reader of this poem, as with many of the poems of Longfellow, must be satisfied with the truth

of general impression, not striving to find minute truth in every detail of the allegory.

Page 65. 1. 1.—architects of Fate. In the sense of the old poet who wrote,—

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late,
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—Fletcher, *Honest Man's Fortune*.

Each man makes his own stature, builds himself.

—Young, *Night Thoughts*, vi.

Page 65. 1. 2.—walls of Time. The achievements of humanity through all ages, symbolized as a temple or palace of Time, ever in course of erection, ever finishing, yet ever unbuilt again; or, like Arthur's Camelot,

The city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever.

—Tennyson, *Gareth and Lynette*.

1. 10.—Time is with materials filled. Our deeds lie within the "walls of Time," but are a useless cumber to the edifice till we employ them to build up our life and the life of humanity.

1. 13.—shape and fashion these. Using the knowledge and the experience we have gained to help us, while we ceaselessly do the duties the present lays upon us.

Page 66. 1. 23.—house, where Gods may dwell. A suggestion of "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," 1. Cor. vi. 19. Yet also a suggestion from 1. 20. This stanza, strengthened by the reference to the perfection of ancient building, resumes the thought of 1. 16. Imperfections may pass unnoticed with men, but the great structure of humanity will have to bear the scrutiny of the gods, who

may sometimes inhabit it. As our bodies are temples of the Holy Spirit, so the mighty spiritual world or temple of art, science, civilization, created by men through all the ages, may at last become fit habitation for the gods themselves.

l. 25.—**Else our lives are incomplete.** Cf. "The building up of life with solid blocks of idleness, as I do here, is a poor kind of architecture."—L., *Journal*, Aug. 27th, 1851.

l. 29.—**Build to-day**, etc. Here the poem seems to depart from its main theme to speak of each individual life, no longer a part of the temple of humanity, but, as it were, its own individual edifice, capable of completeness and perfection.

l. 34 —turrets. Suggesting completion of building as well as height of attainment.

l. 35.—**Sees the world**, etc. The imagery of the last lines is a picturesque delineation of the attainment of the highest. Compare the allegory of the youth climbing the mountain in *Excelsior*.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Composition and publication. A poem from *Birds of Passage*, Flight the First, published in *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems*, 1858, and written some years before. The only change from the text of this early date is in the punctuation of l. 44.

Page 67. l. 1.—**Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said.** Pronounce *aug' us tēn*. St. Aurelius Augustinus (354–430), the greatest and most influential of the Latin fathers of the Church. After years of study, not free from vice, Augustine was converted at Milan by St. Ambrose, and returned to his home in Tagaste, Numidia, to organize a religious

community. Elected bishop of Hippo, he gave himself up to ceaseless labours, taking a chief part in the great religious controversies of the time, and leaving behind him an immense mass of controversial literature, letters, sermons and commentaries.

Longfellow in a note, ed. 1864, says: "The words of St. Augustine are, *De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus.*"—Sermon III., *De Ascensione*. The reference is, I believe, inexact.

l. 3f.—we can frame a ladder, etc. Tennyson voices this thought in the opening lines of *In Memoriam*,—

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

He is thought to refer here to Goethe, whose life and writings are a great exemplar of the principle. It is interesting to notice that Milton uses the same imagery, in a different connection however.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

—*Paradise Lost*, v. 511f.

l. 16.—Irreverence for the dreams of youth.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

—Wordsworth, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

Page 68. l. 24.—right of eminent domain. Lit., the supreme right of the sovereign or state over private property, by

virtue of which it can, with certain restrictions, take possession of such property for public purposes on paying compensation. As used here figuratively, it denotes not more than an indisputable right to fame.

l. 29ff.—pyramids . . . flights of stairs. The smooth outer casings of the pyramids have in many cases been removed, revealing the massive layers of square-cut stones, rising stair-like to the apex.

l. 34.—bastion. Lit., "A mass of earth faced with sods, brick, or stones, standing out from a rampart, of which it is a principal part." It consists of two flanks which command the wall lying between two bastions. The poet picturesquely calls up by the word the greatest mountains of the mountain-chain.

l. 37ff.—The heights by great men, etc.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

—Milton, *Lycidas*.

l. 44.—to higher destinies. Editions as late as 1864 have a period at the end of the stanza.

l. 47.—rising on its wrecks. Cf. *The Builders*, l. 11, n.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

Composition and publication. "Copied a poem I have just written,—The Warden of the Cinque Ports."—L., *Journal*, 1852, Oct. 14th. It formed one of the poems of *Birds of Passage* in the volume of *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems*, 1858, pp. 131-134.

Subject of the Poem. This poem is a mark of that sorrow that thrilled the English-speaking world when the great figure of the Duke of Wellington passed away. After years of victories in India, the Peninsula, and Belgium, and years of service as a minister of the Crown, he died on September 14th, 1852, at the age of eighty-three. "Another year passed, and then the Duke faded away peacefully at Walmer, in September, and after lying in state at Chelsea Hospital, was solemnly buried by the side of Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral. All the nations in Europe, except Austria, were represented at his grave; and as the organ peals ceased and the mighty multitude separated, the whole world felt not only that an epoch had visibly ended, but that a great captain and a supremely dutiful, honest man, leaving behind him a stainless record, had gone from them for ever."—Hooper, *Wellington*, p. 254.

Tennyson's great poem, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, lends additional interest to this poem.

Page 69. Title. The Warden of the Cinque Ports. The Cinque Ports (pronounced *sink*, preserving the OFr. pronunciation) are the chief coast-towns immediately opposite France,—Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, in Kent, and Hastings, in Sussex. They were erected by the Conqueror into a separate jurisdiction and endowed with special privileges in return for furnishing the king with ships for the royal service. The administration—civil, military, and naval—of the Ports was vested in a Warden, or Lord-Warden. The Municipal Reform Act did away with the special privileges of the Cinque Ports, reducing them to the condition of other municipalities.

"The Lord-Warden's jurisdiction, in relation to civil suits and proceedings, was abolished in 1835; but he still presides in the court of Shepway, and appoints justices of the peace within the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports. His

official residence is Walmer Castle, near Deal, a structure of Henry VIII.'s time; and here, as warden, the Duke of Wellington lived every autumn from 1829 till his death at it in 1852" (Chambers).

l. 18.—*couchant* (*cow' tshant*). Crouching, ready to spring.

l. 21.—*the burden*. The refrain, repetition of the 'all's well.'

Page 70. l. 27.—*embrasure*. The sloping or bevelled opening in a parapet, or wall. In fortifications it permits the easy firing of the guns.

l. 31.—*Field-Marshal*.—The highest military officer under the Commander-in-Chief. After his victory of Vitoria, 1812, Wellington received the *bâton* of Field-Marshal from the Prince-Regent. On the death of the Duke of York, 1827, he was made Commander-in-Chief.

l. 47.—*intimated*. The justification of this prosaic word in this passage is the poet's desire to indicate the impassive matter-of-fact of nature, and thus by contrast to deepen the shade of the preceding thought.

EVANGELINE.

Historical note.* The question of the justice of the removal of the Acadians has been decided at the tribunal of history, and the necessity of that cruel proceeding generally admitted even by historians of this humanitarian age. It is well therefore at the outset to clear our historical consciences on the subject, so that we may enjoy the lasting memorial that Longfellow's fancy has raised to that unfortunate people undisturbed by its historical inaccuracy. This is especially necessary when the expatriation is an implied blot on that Government whose policy of colonization throughout the world has been a policy of conciliation.

Cadie, Acadie, is the French corruption of the Micmac Indian word signifying place, corrupted likewise by the English into *quoddy*, as in Passamaquoddy. It designated roughly the region in which in 1604 De Monts planted the first French colony of Port Royal. This colony was not left undisturbed, for in 1620 the English took possession of Acadia, which they had long claimed by virtue of Cabot's discoveries of 1497. A Scotch colony (hence Nova Scotia) took the place of a French colony at Port Royal. In 1632, however, Charles I. gave the country into French hands, and the same year De Razilly, to the dismay of the English colonists of Massachusetts, resumed the work of French colonization, this time at La Have. In 1642,

*For fuller treatment, see Raynal, *Histoire philosophique...des Européens dans les deux Indes*, Paris, 2nd ed. 1775; Haliburton, *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, 1829; Akins, *Public Documents of Nova Scotia*, 1869; Anderson, "Evangeline," and "The Archives of Nova Scotia;" or the *Poetry and Prose of History*, Trans. Lit. and Hist. Soc. of Quebec, 1869; Hannay, *The History of Acadia*, Lond., 1880; Archibald, *The Expulsion of the Acadians*, Collections of Nova Scotia Hist. Soc., v., 1887. Smith, *History of America*, v.; Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*; Kingsford, *History of Canada*. The documents in justification of the Acadians are largely reinforced by Casgrain, *Collect. de doc. inéd.*, i-iii. Québec, 1888-1890.

Charnisay recolonized Port Royal, and established his supremacy over the south coast of what is now New Brunswick. Under Cromwell the English once more became masters of Acadia, but once more by a Stuart, in the Treaty of Breda, 1667, was the country restored to France. The total number of European inhabitants in 1671 was only 441, chiefly settled at Port Royal. In ten years the population had doubled under the attractions of fisheries and fur-trading. But the prosperity of the colony was interfered with by Continental disputes, Port Royal being twice captured by the English, once by Phips in 1690, and again by Nicholson in 1710. Finally the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, gave "all Nova Scotia or Acadia" to Great Britain.

But what was Acadia? To the English it meant Nova Scotia and the country north to the French dominion on the St. Lawrence. The French contended it meant the lower part of Nova Scotia, including the settlements of Port Royal, Minas, and Chignecto. Ultimately the dispute over boundaries resulted in war. But meanwhile, even within the territory they admitted was no longer theirs, the French Government resolved that the English should have little joy of their French subjects. By the Treaty of 1713 the Acadians could within a year remove from the country with their property, or, if they preferred, remain as subjects of the British Crown. They resolved to remain; but hoping ever for the restoration of the country to France, they secretly resolved to take no oath of allegiance as British subjects. They were, they maintained, Neutrals. In 1715 the oath of allegiance was tendered them and refused. In 1720 it was once more tendered, and again refused. The French of Canada and Cape Breton meanwhile were backing up the Acadians and inciting the Micmacs and Malicites to continual attacks on the English of New England and Nova Scotia. On the accession of George II. the requisition of an oath of allegiance

was again made necessary. It was again generally refused, but by 1780 General Phillips had prevailed upon all the Acadians to take the oath, perhaps on the understanding that it should not require them to bear arms.

In 1744 war broke out between England and France. Immediately an expedition left Louisburg, Cape Breton, to reduce the English of Acadia. When the Indians co-operating with the French arrived before Annapolis, the Acadians withdrew all help from the garrison. Aid came from Boston, however, and all attacks were repulsed. The Acadians, it is true, had not actually risen in arms; for, as they said, they were living under a "mild and tranquil government."

In 1745, Louisburg, the 'Dunkirk of America,' the home of privateers that preyed on New England commerce, was destroyed by General Pepperell and an army of artisans and farmers, under orders from Governor Shirley of Massachusetts (see *Evan.*, l. 249, n.) The Acadians, who had illegally sent supplies to the French fortress, refused to supply it now that it was British. When De Villiers made his successful attack on the Massachusetts troops at Grand Pré, it was Acadians who gave him information and help, and the Acadians as a body resisted all efforts of the Lieutenant-Governor M^ontcalm to bring the guilty to punishment. In this state of affairs, rapidly growing critical, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, restored Louisburg and Cape Breton to France, and gave a new incitement to the hostile temper of the Acadians.

Cornwallis, however, became Governor of Nova Scotia in 1749, founded a town and capital at Halifax, and looked to the safety of the colony by demanding the customary oath of allegiance of the Acadians. The Acadian deputies asked exemption from bearing arms, even should the Province be attacked. The Governor insisted that all should take the unconditional oath before the 25th of October. He was answered,—“The inhabitants have

resolved not to take the oath." Meanwhile the French, relying on their interpretation of the Treaty of Utrecht, fortified the Isthmus, and stirred up the Indians to attacks on the English. La Loutre, missionary to the Micmacs and Vicar-general of Acadia, made himself notorious in these Indian intrigues, and by threats of Indian attacks and excommunication from the Church kept the simple Acadians in a state of chronic rebellion. In 1750 they asked leave to quit the Province. Cornwallis refused permission till peace was established, lest the forces of the enemy should be increased. The same year the fortress of Beau Séjour (see *Evan.* l. 249, *n.*) rose on the Isthmus, threatening the safety of Nova Scotia. Then the boundary dispute was transferred to the tribunal of war. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts at once concerted measures with Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia to drive the French from the Fundy Basin. Troops were enlisted in the New England colonies, and Moncton, Winslow, and Scott with 2,000 men left Boston on the 23rd of May, 1755. Joined by 300 regulars at Annapolis, they captured Pont à Buot, Beau Séjour and Fort Gaspereau, clearing the French from the Isthmus. Three hundred Acadians found in arms in these places were offered free pardon if they would take the oath of allegiance; they refused.

But there was left this body of eight thousand people, all secretly, some openly hostile to the Government. How could the Province be made safe from these? Lawrence resolved that the Acadian trouble should end. The oath was sternly required of the Acadian deputies. They refused to take it. "On the one side was the full enjoyment of their lands, the free exercise of their religion, and the protection of the British flag, coupled with the condition that they would become British subjects; on the other side was exile and poverty. They chose the latter." Monckton was given charge of the Acadians of the Isthmus, Winslow of those of Minas (Grand Pré), Handfield, those of

Annapolis (Port Royal). Of the three, only Col. Winslow was completely successful. However 3,000 Acadians were taken prisoners by the New England troops, safely and carefully embarked on transports, and sent as a public charge to the colonies of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and even the British West Indies. Some of the exiles, tempted by the French population on the Mississippi made their way to Louisiana, where their descendants are to-day a numerous and peculiar people. Most of the Acadians, after great hardships, returned to their brethren in Nova Scotia who had escaped transportation or had not emigrated to Canada, and eventually became a prosperous, loyal population, as their hundred thousand descendants to-day are, a bulwark of our state.

Such is the story of the Acadians, as history sees it in the light of the documentary evidence. Those who would attach odium to Nova Scotia that ordered, or New England* that executed the expulsion should weigh the words of a great soldier and a humane man, fully cognizant of all the facts,—*Although it is a disagreeable part of duty we are put upon, I am sensible it is a necessary one.*†

The composition and publication of "Evangeline." Hawthorne in his American Note-books, Oct. 24, 1839, makes this entry:—"H. L. C[onolly] heard from a French-Canadian [Mrs. Haliburton] the story of a young couple in

* If the expulsion be a stain on the annals of Nova Scotia, it is a stain from which Massachusetts cannot be free. It was a Massachusetts governor who devised the scheme. It was the soldiers of Massachusetts that drove the French from their encroachments in our territory beyond the Missequash. It was Massachusetts officers, and Massachusetts soldiers, who carried out the decree of expulsion, at the heart and centre of the Acadian settlements, at that very Grand Pré which the poet has made a household word. It was Massachusetts vessels, chartered from Massachusetts merchants, officered and manned by Massachusetts captains and crews, that carried the poor Acadians into exile. It is clear, therefore, that if there be any scutcheon smurched by the transaction, it is specially that of the country and home of the poet."—Archibald, *N. S. Hist. Soc.* v. 15.

† Lieut.-Col. John Winslow to Lieut.-Gov. Lawrence (Haliburton. i. 832; *N. S. Hist. Soc.* iii. 85).

Acadia. On their marriage-day all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him; wandered about New England all her lifetime; and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise." Once when Hawthorne and Mr. Conolly dined at Craigie House, Mr. Conolly told the story, and expressed his regret that he had vainly endeavoured to interest Hawthorne in it. Longfellow remarked to Hawthorne, "If you really don't want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." And Hawthorne consented.

It is easy by the help of Longfellow's *Journal* to follow the composition of the poem:—1845, Nov. 28th.—Set about 'Gabrielle,' my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a line. F. and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem. 1845, Dec. 7th.—I know not what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'? 1846, Jan. 12th.—The vacation is at hand. I hope before its close to get far on in *Evangeline*. Two cantos are now done, which is a good beginning. Ap. 5th.—After a month's cessation resumed *Evangeline*, the sister of mercy. I hope now to carry it on to its close without a break. Dec. 10th, 1846.—Made an effort, and commenced the second part of *Evangeline*. Dec. 17th.—Finished this morning, and copied the first canto of the second part of *Evangeline*. The portions of the poem which I write in the morning, I write quickly, standing at my desk here [by the window], so as to need no copying. What I write at other times is scrawled with a pencil on my knee in the dark, and has to be written out afterwards. 1847, Jan.

26th.—Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline* (see *Evang.* 1. 873 n.). Feb. 1st.—Worked busily and pleasantly on *Evangeline*,—canto third of Part II. It is nearly finished. Feb. 23rd.—*Evangeline* is nearly finished. I shall complete it this week with my fortieth year. Feb. 27th.—*Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning.

Evangeline was published in 1847. The text of the poem was constantly under the poet's eye, and received slight polishing touches from edition to edition. The present text is that of the Quarto Illustrated Edition, the last issued under the poet's hand. I have examined numerous editions, 1st, 6th, 9th, etc., and give all the variations in the notes.

Sources. The general theme of the poem is, we have seen, founded on a traditional story. For the historical setting the poet had recourse to Haliburton, *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, 1829. The Arcadian picture of the inhabitants of Grand Pré rose from the fanciful political sketch of the Abbé Raynal. Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, the *Pennsylvania Historical Collections*, Darby's *Geographical Description of Louisiana*, Gayarré's *History of Louisiana*, and Kipp's *Early Jesuit Missions in North America*, and even a Panorama of the Mississippi (*Journal*, Dec. 17, 19, 1846) helped the poet through the last part, at least "so far as facts and local coloring go." (*Journal*, Jan. 7, 1847).

Metre. The classical hexameter (Gk. *hex*, six, *metron*, measure), the metre of the ancient epics, the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*, means an unrimed line of six feet, the first four of which are dactyls (— — —, *i. e.* long syllable followed by two short syllables) or spondees (— —), the fifth almost invariably a dactyl, and the sixth usually a spondee. For example the opening line of the *Æneid*,—

Arma virumque canō, Trōjæ quī prīmus ab ōris
would be read

— — — | — — — | — || — | — — | — — — — | — —

The ending of a word within the foot, cuts the measure, and the one chief cutting (*caesura*) has a cæsural pause (|). The general formula for the classical hexameter is then

— — — | — — — | — — — | — — — | — — — | — — —
 — — | — — | — — | — — | — — — | — — —

Imitations of this metre have not been lacking in any modern literature. The most famous of German hexameters is Goethe's lovely idyll of *Hermann und Dorothea*, beginning :—

Hab' ich den Markt and die Strassen doch nie so einsam gesehen !
 Ist doch die Stadt wie gekehrt ! wie ausgestorben ! nicht fünfzig
 Däucht mir, bleiben zurück von allen unsern Bewohnern.

In English, Coleridge, Southey, Clough, Kingsley, to mention only writers of this century, were all writers of hexameters. A few lines from two of these are not out of place as comparisons with Longfellow's manner.

There is a stream (I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist
 Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books),
 Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great
 mountains,

Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, enveloped,
 Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample
 Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery slopes on both sides ;
 Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows ;
 But, where the glen of its course approaches the vale of the river,
 Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,
 Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging onward,
 Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady would step it.

—Clough, *The Bothie (Hut) of Tober-na-Vuolich*, 1848.

Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore to the southward,
 Dwells in the well-tilled lowland a dark-haired Æthiop people,
 Skillful with needle and loom, and the arts of the dyer and carver.

—Kingsley, *Andromeda*.

It is not hard to see that the effect of the English hexameter is decidedly different from the effect of the classical hexameter. English words are never perfect spondees, and even fairly perfect spondees are rare. Metre in English is primarily a relation of accented and unaccented

syllables, and accent need not imply a long syllable. Hence in any lengthy work English hexameters are but a translated classical hexameter—a substitution of accented syllables for long syllables, of English iambic ('x) for spondee.*

In seeking a metre for a poem on the expulsion of the Acadians, Longfellow naturally took as a model the metre of that idyll which depicts the sufferings of the Lutherans expelled from Salzburg,—*Hermann und Dorothea*. It is no slight testimony to his metrical genius that he has used the hexameter with such delicate modulations, such sweetness and variety of rhythm, such harmony of theme and expression that one may say that, by a poem as widely read as any of this age, he has enriched English poetry with a new instrument of expression.

Translations. No better proof of the charm of *Evangeline* could be given than the numerous translations that have been made. Germany has at least six versions, Sweden three, France three, Italy two, Portugal two, in addition to versions in Danish, Spanish, and Polish. In LeMay's translation we have a national interest. From it and from a German version I draw these few lines.

Salut, vieille forêt ! Noyés dans la pénombre
Et drapés fièrement dans leur feuillage sombre,
Tes sapins résineux et tes cèdres altiers
Qui se bercent au vent sur le bord des sentiers,
Jetant à chaque brise, une plainte sauvage,
Ressemblent aux chanteurs qu'entendait un autre âge,
Aux Druides anciens dont la lugubre voix
S'élevait prophétique au fond d'immenses bois !
Et l'Océan plaintif vers ses rives brumeuses

*Of the genuine ancient, or pure dactylic hexameter verse, the English language is altogether incapable; not only because no language whose poetry is founded on elocutional principles can, without most gross solecism, exactly imitate the rhythm of a language whose poetry is founded on the rules and practice of music, but there are not a sufficient number of pure dactyles and pure spondees in the English language to make the imitation possible for any length of time.—Blackie, *Horæ Hellenicæ*, p. 233. See also Arnold, *On Translating Homer*, and Spedding, *Reviews and Discussions*.

S'avance en agitant ses vagues écumeuses,
Et de profond soupirs s'élèverent de ses flots
Pour répondre, O forêt, à tes tristes sanglots.

—L. Pamphile Le May, *Évangeline*, 2me ed., Québec, 1870.

Dies ist des Urwaldes Pracht! Die wispernden Tannen und Fichten,

Moosigen Bartes, im Kleid, das grün, and verschwommen in
Zwielflicht,

Stehen Druiden gleich sie, mit düster prophetischen Stimmen

Stehen wie Harfner sie grau, mit Bärten über die Brust hin.

Laut aus dem Abgrunde rauschet die wilde See in der Nähe

Und im Echo verhallt des Waldes Jammer und Klage.

—*Évangeline*, übersetzt von Karl Knortz, Leipzig, 1872.

Page 71. l. 1.—This is the forest primeval. Already the words have come to have the suggestiveness of the opening phrase of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid* (Holmes).

l. 2—garments green. The absence of rime throws the poet upon subtler devices of musical undertone. These fall, it will be noticed, into three chief classes, instances of which constantly recur, giving rise to the characteristic style of the poem. They are:—first, *Alliteration*, the riming of initial sounds, as here; second, *Repetition* of words and phrases, often in the form of anaphoras, as in ll. 3, 4; 7, 9; 16, 17, etc.; and third, *Refrain*, or the recurrence, time and again, of particular modes of thought or strains of melody. This last lyrical characteristic constitutes one of the greatest charms of the poem.

l. 3.—Druids. Priests of the Celtic peoples of Gaul and Britain. Cf. *Evang.*, l. 890. "The Druids—for that is the name they give their magicians—hold nothing more sacred than the mistletoe and the tree that bears it.... It is very probable that the priests may have received their name from the Greek name for that tree [*drus*, oak]. The mistletoe, however, is rarely found upon the robur [oak]; and when found is gathered with rites replete with religious awe.... On the fifth day of the moon.... clad in a white robe, the priest ascends the tree, and cuts the mistletoe

with a golden sicle, which is received by others in a white cloak."—Pliny, xvi. (Bohn).

eld. Here, olden times, antiquity (AS. *ældu*, age). An archaic word favoured by Spenser and Thomson, in the sense however of old age.

O cursed Eld: The cankerworm of writs.

—Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. ii. xxxiii.

The whitening snows

Of venerable eld.

—Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, ii. xxxi.

1. 5.—its rocky caverns. An imaginative touch. Haliburton says of the coast of Nova Scotia: "The appearance of the sea coast is generally inhospitable, presenting a bold rocky shore... The southern margin is rugged and broken, with very prominent features, deep indents and craggy islands, and ledges inserted into the sea.... The features of the northern coast are soft and free from rocks" (ii. 3).

1. 6.—answers the wail. Inversions for emphasis and metre are so frequent in *Evangeline* as to form a marked characteristic of the poem.

1. 8.—Leaped like the roe. A biblical comparison. "Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains.... My beloved is like a roe," *Song of Solomon* ii. 8f. This simile is thought to anticipate the tragedy of the story.

Page 72. 1. 15.—nought but tradition remains.... Grand-Pré. Pronounce *gron(g)' prū'*. The village was situated on the Minas Basin, near the east bank of the estuary of the Gas-pereau. "No traces of it are now to be seen, except the cellars of the houses, a few aged orchards, and willows."—Haliburton, ii. 115. These still mark the ancient site, near the present village of Grand Pré. In the outskirts at the cross-roads the credulous stranger is now shown the site of Basil's forge. The men of the village were only nine in number in Winslow's list (*N.S. Hist. Coll.*, iii. 122).

1. 18.—sung by the pines. The first touch of refrain; cf. 1. 1 and 1. 2, n.

1. 19.—Acadie (*ah ca dē'*). See Historical Note.

PART THE FIRST.

1. 20.—the Acadian land. The halo which surrounds the memory of the Acadians, who represent, as it were, a return of the golden age, is entirely due to the Abbé Guillaume Raynal (1713–1796). An ardent supporter of the people in the times preceding the French Revolution, Raynal deepened the impression of the miserable condition of the French peasantry under Louis XVI. by his picture of Arcadian happiness of the French colonists in the New World. His work, *Histoire philosophique . . . des Européens dans les deux Indes*, was published in 1770. His description of Acadia is transferred bodily into Haliburton's history, and is used as poetic material by Longfellow.

History has shown the Acadians to have been superstitious, quarrelsome, litigious,—by no means the qualities attributed to them by the Abbé and the poet.

Basin of Minas. Pronounce *mē'nas*. The eastern arm of the Bay of Fundy. The tides rise with tremendous current at the entrance (see l. 29, *n.*), where the dangerous tidal wave is called the *bore*.

1. 22f.—Vast meadows, etc. "The settlement of the Acadians extended from the mouth of the Gaspereau river to within two miles of Kentville. Satisfied with the abundant crops which were gathered from their diked fields, they gave themselves but little trouble in the cultivation of the upland, and seldom extended their clearings beyond the view of the meadows. They had enclosed and cultivated all the Great Prairie [*i.e.* *Grand Pré*], which then contained 2,100 acres, besides smaller marshes in the Gaspereau, and the Horton river."—Haliburton, ii. 116.

Page 73. 1. 23.—Giving the village its name, and pasture. Notice the construction with two senses of "give" (zeugma). Other instances (ll. 173, 408, etc.) show this to be a stylistic peculiarity of the poem.

flocks without number. "These immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks. They computed as many as sixty thousand head of horned cattle."—Haliburton, i. 171 (from Raynal).

l. 24.—dikes. "Their method was to plant five or six rows of large trees in the places where the sea enters the marshes, and between each row to lay down other trees lengthwise on top of each other, and fill up the vacant spaces with clay, so well beaten down that the tide could not pass through it. In the middle they adjusted a flood-gate in such a way as to allow the water from the marsh to flow out at low tide."—Hanney, p. 283.

l. 29.—Blomidon. Haliburton, ii. 4, speaks of the "high lands, known by the name of the North mountain, which is washed by the waters of the Bay of Fundy [south shore]. Cape Blomedon, which terminates this chain of hills, presents a grand and imposing appearance; its perpendicular front is of a dark red colour, and its head may often be above the mists by which it is encircled." Its height seen (Baedeker) is six hundred and seventy feet. With Cape Sharp on the north side, it guards the wild entrance to the Basin of Minas.

BLOMIDON.

This is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
 Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
 Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
 Whose top austere withdraws into its mist.
 This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
 Whose towering front inviolable frowns
 O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm—
 Whose fame thy song, O tender singer, crowns.
 Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,
 Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
 What profit now to know if just the doom,
 Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
 The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
 The poet's deathless music—these remain!
 —Charles G. D. Roberts, *Songs of Common Day*.

l. 80.—**sea-fogs.** "The cloud capt summit of the lofty cape that terminates the chain of the North mountain."—Haliburton, ii. 115.

l. 83.—**Strongly built were the houses.** "Their habitations, which were constructed of wood, were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as substantial farmers' houses in Europe."—Haliburton, i. 171 (from Raynal). The poet's description is a reminiscence as well of scenes in Normandy. (Cf. *Outre-mer*, i.) It recalls in the 'projecting gables' a feature of the peasants' houses of Quebec, and of the Acadians of Louisiana to-day. See l. 891, *n.*

hemlock. As late as 1869, this read, chestnut.

l. 84.—**the peasants of Normandy.** The poet assumes that the Acadians were chiefly of Norman origin, and moulds all details of costumes, superstitions, etc., in harmony with his assumption. But see l. 209, *n.*

l. 84.—**the Henries.** France took possession of Acadia and began her attempts at colonization in the reign of Henry IV. (1553-1610) of France. His predecessor was Henry III. (1551-1586).

l. 87.—**dormer-windows.** Vertical windows inserted in the sloping roof. (OFr. *dormeor*, Lat. *dormitorium*, a sleeping room.)

Page 74. l. 39.—**snow-white caps.** The visitor to French country districts never fails to notice, especially on market days, the picturesque muslin headgear of the women, elaborate, starched, pure white.

kirtle. Either an upper or lower outer garment; usually, however, the outer petticoat.

l. 40f.—**spinning the golden Flax.** "Their usual clothing was in general the produce of their own flax, or the fleeces of their own sheep; with these they made common linen and coarse cloths."—Haliburton, i. 171 (from Raynal).

l. 49.—**The Angelus.** For the Angelus-bell; cf. *Evang.*, l. 508. *Angelus domini nuntiavit Mariæ*, etc., is the Latin

rendering of *Luke* i. 28. The first word is taken as the name of a short exercise in commemoration of the Incarnation, which is said by Roman Catholics at morning, noon, and sunset. The bell rung (thrice three strokes) to indicate the time of the exercise is termed the Angelus-bell, or simply, the Angelus.

Page 75. l. 52.—Thus dwelt together in love, etc. "Their manners were of course extremely simple. Whatever little differences arose were settled amicably by the elders . . . Real misery was unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt and without ostentation on the one hand and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren; every individual of which was equally ready to give, and to receive, what he thought the common right of mankind."—Haliburton, i. 171f. (from Raynal).

l. 56.—dwellings were open as day and the hearts

He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

—Shakspeare, *II. Henry IV.*, iv. iv.

l. 59.—Benedict Bellefontaine Pronounce *bel' fon tăn'*.

l. 63.—An oak . . . snow-flakes. Like good old Adam,—

My age is like a lusty winter
Frostily but kindly.

—As You Like It, ii. iii.

Page 76. l. 66.—black as the berry . . . on the thorn. The sloe or blackthorn. Its berries have a blackish bloom.

l. 70.—ale. However "their ordinary drink was beer and cyder, to which they sometimes added rum."—Haliburton, i. 171 (from Raynal).

l. 72.—priest with his hyssop. In the Roman Catholic service, while the choir sings *Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor*, Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop and I shall be cleansed, *Ps.* li. 7, the priest sprinkles the congregation

with holy water. The exact nature of the scriptural hyssop (see *Hebr.* ix. 19) is not known. The modern hyssop, growing freely in gardens, is an aromatic plant, with blue purple flowers (*hyssopus officinalis*).

1. 74.—chaplet. "The rosary is divided into three parts, each consisting of five decades [groups of ten], and known as a corona or chaplet."—*Cath. Dict.* But popularly the word is taken as the name of the whole rosary or string of beads used by Roman Catholics in counting their prayers.

missal. (OFr. *missal*, Late Lat. *missalis*, of the *missa*, mass.) The book containing the various prayers, collects, epistles, gospels, etc., necessary in the service of the mass.

Page 77. 1. 84.—Sycamore. In America, the buttonwood or plane-tree, the largest deciduous tree of the United States; it abounds on the banks of the great rivers of the middle states....sometimes called the Cotton Tree, from the wool which covers the underside of the young leaves (Chambers). It is not a Nova Scotia tree (Michaux, *N. A. Sylva*.)

wood-bine. Honeysuckle, called wood-bine or wood-bind from its habit of twining about trees.

1. 87.—penthouse. * Shed with sloping roof and usually open sides. The word is corrupted from *pentice*, OFr. *appentis*, from Lat. *appendicium*, appendage.

Page 78. 1. 93.—wain. AS. *wægn*, hence the same word, now archaic, as wagon. (Cf., for a similar vocalization of *g*, AS. *fæger*, fair.)

antique. See *Old Clock on the Stairs*, 1. 3, *n*.

1. 94.—seraglio (*ser al' yo*). Lit., the palace of the Sultan, of which the harem or women's palace forms a part. The allusion is of course to the latter.

"They reared a great deal of poultry of all kinds, which made a variety in their food at once wholesome and plentiful."—Haliburton, i. 171 (from Raynal).

1. 96.—the penitent Peter. *Matth.* xxvi. 74f; see *A Glean of Sunshine*, l. 81, n. The purpose of an allusion is to deepen the impression of the thought by apt and harmonious suggestion of well-known scenes or incidents. It is necessary that these contain elements of a similar, and yet much more impressive nature, otherwise the allusion will either seem far-fetched or add nothing to the impressiveness of the thought. The story of Peter has no harmonious connection with the thought of l. 95.

1. 100.—dove-cot....with its meek innocent inmates. The picture of the dove as the symbol of faithfulness in love is an 'amiable error' of the early fathers, continued by the curious medieval bestiaries, without alas! any warrant in science.

1. 102.—noisy weathercock. Compare the lovely picture of silence suggested by "the silent weathercock," *A.M.*, l. 479.

1. 107.—touch....the hem of her garment. See *Luke* viii. 43f.

Page 79. 1. 111.—Patron Saint. During the middle ages it came to be believed that particular saints were specially watchful over particular trades, or places, or persons; they were accordingly designated patron saints.

1. 115.—Gabriel Lajeunesse. Pronounce *gā' brē el lah' zhū nes'*.

1. 118.—the craft of the smith....in repute. Especially was it held in repute among warlike nations, as the myths of Vulcan, Weland, etc., show. Longfellow sings the glory of the smith's calling in *The Village Blacksmith*, and scatters references to it through many other poems, *Nuremberg*, *To a Child*, etc. The poet's great-great-grandfather was a blacksmith, but he might well on other grounds praise this noble craft of workers in iron.

Page 80. 1. 120.—Father Felician (*fēlish' an*). The name

(from *L. felix*, happy) is suggestive of his character and influence. "We are now happy to recognize in Father Felician the faithful minister of the Master....the apostle of peace and good-will among men, and who was the type of such priests as M. Bailly whom the English delighted to honor."—Anderson, p. 26f.

1. 122.—**Plain-song.** Simple music sung in unison, used in the Christian church from very early times. "This body of melodies includes a great variety of material adapted not only to every part of the liturgy, but to the several seasons of the Christian year. Plain-song melodies are distinguished by adherence to the medieval modes, by independence of rhythmical and metrical harmony. Their effect is strikingly individual, dignified and devotional. The style as such is obligatory in the service of the Roman Catholic Church" (*Cent Dict.*).

1. 128.—**Lay like a fiery snake.** A reference to the tire which must be expanded by heat before being placed on the wheel.

Page 81. 1. 133.—**nuns going into the chapel.** Other French sayings of a like kind are,—“They are guests going to a wedding, Soldiers going to war.”—Malfroy, *Poèmes de L.*

1. 137.—**wondrous stone.** Longfellow drew his many references to the superstitions of the Acadians chiefly from *Contes populaires, préjugés, patois, proverbes, noms de lieux, de l'arrondissement de Bayeux* [Normandy]....par Frédéric Pluquet, Rouen (1825), 2nd ed. 1834. I translate the extracts.

Concerning the swallow, Pluquet writes:—“*Swallow.* If the eye of one of the young ones is put out, she (the swallow) seeks on the sea-shore a little stone with which she restores its sight. He who is fortunate enough to find the stone in the nest possesses a miraculous remedy.”—*Id.* from *Contes*, etc., p. 42.

1. 142.—**ripened thought into action.** Those who came

in contact with him were stimulated to undertake what else had remained a thought.

l. 144.—“**Sunshine of St. Eulalie.**” St. Eulalie, a young Spanish maiden (290-303) who died a martyr during the persecutions of Diocletian. See the third Crown-song of Prudentius. The popular saying concerning her feast-day—the 12th of February—is preserved by Pluquet.

“Sainte-Eulalie—

Si le soleil rit le jour de sainte Eulalie,

Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.

[If the sun laughs on St. Eulalie's day, there will be apples and cider in abundance.]

—Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 130.

II.

Page 82. l. 149.—the sign of the Scorpion. A reminiscence of Chaucer, who was fond of indicating seasons by the position of the sun in the zodiac. The sun appears to enter his course through the stars of the Scorpion on the 23rd of October, so this line can be reconciled only with difficulty with ll. 152, 158.

l. 150.—**Birds of passage.** Migratory birds.

l. 153.—**as Jacob of old.** *Gen.* xxxii. 24ff. Cf. *Evang.*, l. 96, n.

l. 159.—**Summer of All-Saints** Various French names for Indian summer are derived from the saint's days near which the fine days come:—*l'été de la Toussaint*, the summer of All-Saints (feast-day, Nov. 1st); *l'été de la Saint-Denis*, (feast-day, Oct. 9th); *l'été de la Saint-Martin* (feast-day, Nov. 11th).

Page 83. l. 162.—restless heart of the ocean. A refrain from l. 5.

l. 169.—**sheen.** Cf. *A.M.*, l. 56, n.

l. 170.—**the plane-tree the Persian adorned.** “Where it quits Phrygia and enters Lydia the road separates; the

way on the left leads into Caria, while that on the right conducts to Sardis....Xerxes, who chose this way, found here a plane-tree so beautiful, that he presented it with golden ornaments, and put it under the care of one of his Immortals.—Herodotus, vii. 31 (Rawlinson). The story is commented on by Ælian, *Various Stories*, ii. 14.

Page 85. l. 194.—Into the sounding pails, etc. Notice the onomatopoeic effect. The following line has been compared as depicting the same subject,

And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

—Tennyson, *Queen Mary*, iii. v.

l. 197.—valves. Leaves of a folding door.

Page 86. l. 206.—As shields of armies the sunshine.

The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

—Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*.

l. 207.—carols of Christmas. The *noëls* of French peasants are a distinct order of composition, some of great antiquity and beauty.

l. 209.—Their Norman orchards....Burgundian vineyards. Normandy is the country of apples as Burgundy (Central Eastern France) is of the grape. "In Normandy the young people almost always sing while at their work. In Burgundy the grape gatherers make the slopes resound with their joyous songs."—Malfroy, *Poèmes de Longfellow*.

The Acadians however, were neither Normans nor Burgundians. "The people of Acadia are mainly descendants of the colonists who were brought out to La Have and Port Royal by Isaac de Razilly and Charisay between the years 1633 and 1638. The former brought out some forty families of colonists, and the latter twenty families, most of whom appear to have remained in Acadia, and commenced the cultivation of the soil. These colonists

came from Rochelle, Saintonge and Poitou, so that they were drawn from a very limited area in the west coast of France, covered by the modern departments of Vendée and Charente Inférieure.... They came from a country of marshes, where the sea was kept out by artificial dikes, and they found in Acadia similar marshes which they dealt with in the same way."—Hannay, p. 282f. Add to this that sixty individuals from Rochelle in 1671 and sixty or seventy others, mostly disbanded soldiers, chiefly from Paris, 1686-1710, joined the earlier colonists. Hannay, p. 291.

l. 211.—**Spinning flax**, etc. Cf. l. 40ff. The simplest form of spinning is that by the use of the distaff and spindle. A bunch of flax is held on a staff, one end of which is stuck in the belt. The spindle, a smaller piece of wood, having the thread attached, is made to revolve and remove from the spinner, thus drawing out a twisted thread from the flax. In the spinning-wheel the spindle revolves by means of a wheel moved by an occasional push of the hand.

Page 87. l. 217.—**The clock clicked.** Cf. *Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 17f.

l. 223.—**Basil.** Pronounce, *baz' il*.

l. 228.—**The harvest moon.** The full moon nearest the 21st of September, the autumnal equinox. "At that season the moon, when nearly full, rises for several consecutive nights at about the same hour."—*Cent. Dict.*

Page 88. l. 234.—**a horseshoe.** "Horseshoe found brings happiness."—Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 41. Everybody knows it is a sure protection against witches.

l. 237.—**the English ships.** See l. 524, n.

l. 238.—**the Gaspereau.** Pronounce *gas' per ô*. In King's County, entering the Minas Basin on the west of the peninsular site of Grand P.ô. It rises in Lake

Gaspereau, flows through grand and beautiful scenery till "alluvial meadows form the peaceful valley....through which....the river meanders with a gentle current until within a short distance of the post road, when salt marsh is formed by the mingling of its waters with the returning tide."—Haliburton, ii. 120.

1. 239ff.—**commanded to meet....in the church.** This device was preferred to hunting the people into captivity. "At a consultation held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people, at the respective posts on the same day; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience."—Haliburton, i. 175.

Winslow's proclamation called the assemblage of the people of Grand Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc.:—"His Excellency being desirous that each should be satisfied of his Majesty's intentions....We order all....to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant [of September, 1775] at three o'clock in the afternoon."—*Ib.* i. 176.

1. 240.—**his Majesty.** George II., who reigned 1727–1760.

1. 249.—**Louisburg.** In Cape Breton, on the south-east coast. When Acadia became English by the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, the French built this town as a military and naval station. It was taken by the New England forces in 1745, restored by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; finally besieged and won by the English in 1758.

Beau Sejour. Pronounce *bō sā zhōōr'*; lit., Fair Abode. A powerful French fort built at the head of Cumberland Basin, on the north bank of the Miseguash, the present boundary of the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Its erection was begun in 1750, and was intended, with smaller forts at Baie Verte, Pont a Buot,

etc., to afford a complete line of defence for the Isthmus. La Loutre made it the headquarters of his intrigues with French, Acadians, and Indians. In 1751, the colonial forces (see Introductory Historical Note) laid siege to Beau Séjour. Verger surrendered the place in a few days, and its capitulation was accompanied by the fall of Pont à Buot, Fort Gaspereau, etc. The expedition was therefore a complete success. Beau Séjour was renamed Cumberland. To-day the traveller sees "a ruined magazine and the ramparts and embrasures of an ancient fortress....they represent the last effort of France to hold on to a portion of that Province, which was once all her own."—Hannay, p. 369.

"About three hundred Acadians were found in Fort Beau Séjour when it was surrendered, and a number of others came in afterwards and yielded up their arms. They were offered free pardon....provided they would take the oath of allegiance; but they all refused."—Hannay, p. 381.

Port Royal. The noble harbor at the mouth of the Annapolis River caused Champlain who discovered it (1604) to name it Port Royal. The ancient capital of Acadia was founded there in 1604. (See Introductory Historical Note.) It was finally lost by the French in 1710, and was renamed by the English Annapolis Royal, in honour of Queen Anne. After 1749 Halifax was made the capital.

1. 252.—**Arms have been taken from us.** "During the Spring and Summer of 1755 a demand was made on the Acadians to deliver up their guns to the English commandants of the respective forts. This demand was pretty generally complied with."—Hannay, p. 389; cf. Haliburton, i. 192.

Page 90. 1. 259.—night of the contract. The necessary preliminary of marriage was the drawing up of the marriage contract, stipulating the dower of the bride, etc.

1. 260.—**Built are the house, etc.** "As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks."—Haliburton, i. 172 (from Raynal).

1. 261.—**glebe.** (OFr. *glebe*, *glebe*.) Strictly, farming land belonging to the parish church; hence, as here, any farming land (an archaic sense); cf. "the stubborn glebe," of Gray's *Elegy*.

1. 263.—**René Leblanc** (*rě nā' le blon(g)*). This character is partly historical. In the petition of the exiled Acadians of Pennsylvania to the King, they allege as proof of their fidelity to the British Crown that "particularly René Leblanc (our public notary), was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years captivity."—Haliburton, i. 189. "As to poor father Leblanc, I shall, with your Excellency's permission, send him to my own place."—Winslow to Lawrence (*ib.* i. 332). But apparently he did not escape the fate of the others. According to the petition, "He was seized, confined, and brought away, with the rest of the people, *and his family consisting of twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grand-children were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York with only his wife and two youngest children*, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children in Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years labour and deep sufferings for your Majesty's service."—*ib.* i. 194 f.

III.

1. 269.—**notary public.** In France, a public officer who receives and draws up contracts, wills, and other legal obligations,—a function not quite the same as that of our notaries-public.

Page 91. l. 274.—**Children's children, etc.** "Evangeline contains one line,—

Chanting the hundredth Psalm—that grand old Puritan Anthem, which is metrically perfect; but this is an isolated instance....

Children's children sat on his knee, and heard his great watch tick,

is almost as bad as can be."—*London Daily News*, in Kennedy's *Life*, etc. The perfect line is, however, from *Miles Standish*, and incorrectly quoted.

his great watch tick. Cf. *Evang.* l. 217, n.

l. 276.—in an old French fort. See l. 263, n and l. 303.

l. 28).—**Loup-garou.** Pronounce *lōō gah rōō'*. (*Loup*+*varou*; Lat. *lupus*, and Germanic, *wer*, man, hence wolf-man.) "The *loup-garou*, *varou* or *warou*, which appears to be the *werwolf* of northern peoples, is a man changed into a wolf by the power of some sorcerer. This transformation lasts three or seven years; he runs principally at night, and he can be freed from his enchantment only by wounding him with a key till the blood comes. The old Norman laws, speaking of certain crimes and their punishments, add: Let the guilty be wolf '*warqus esto*,' that is to say, let him be pursued, and killed like a wolf. That perhaps is the origin of the *loup-garou*."—Tr. from Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 15.

The notion of the wer-wolf (A.S. *wer-wolf*) is however much older than the Norman laws. Cf. the story of Lycaon, the Arcadian king, and that of Niceros, in Petronius, *Sat.*, 61. See Dr. Smith, *The Wer-Wolf*, *Pub. Mod.*

Lang. Assoc., 1894. Transformation was either voluntary for the indulgence of bestial desires, or involuntary under the influence of magic.

l. 281.—**goblin...to water their horses.** "The gobelin, a kind of familiar genius or spirit inhabiting farms, who leads horses to water, feeds them, protects some of them specially, awakens the lazy servants, overturns furniture, puts it out of place and gives vent to bursts of laughter. Almost always he is invisible; only sometimes he takes the form of a fine black horse, presenting himself all saddled and bridled on the highway; but woe to the rider who bestrides the unlucky animal! he kicks up his heels, wheels about, carried off his rider and disappears at last in a pool or quagmire."—Tr. from Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 14f.

l. 282.—**Létiche.**¹ The Létiches, says Pluquet, p. 13, are "animals of a gleaming whiteness, which appear only at night, disappear as soon as you try to touch them, and do no harm. They are, people say, the souls of children who have died unbaptized. I think they are nothing else than the ermine of our regions, a little animal of surprising agility." The ermine is also called the white martin.

Page 92. l. 284.—on Christmas eve the oxen talked. Souvestre relates among his Breton tales one that involves this superstition. A beggar lying in a stable, one midnight on Christmas eve, overheard the ass saying, "Well, cousin, how have things gone with thee since I spoke to thee last Christmas?" The ox responded in a surly tone,—"Was it worth while for the Trinity to give us speech on Christmas eve to recompense us for our ancestors' presence at the birth of Christ, if we are to have a hearer like this vagabond." The talk then passed to the magic powers of five-leaved clover, etc., which the beggar endeavoured later to turn to account.—*Le Foyer breton, Les Pierres de Plouhinec*, ii. 181ff.

"A belief was long current in Devon and Cornwall, and

perhaps still lingers both there and in other remote parts of the country, that at midnight, on Christmas eve, the cattle in their stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the Infant Saviour, in the same manner as the legend reports them to have done in the stable at Bethlehem. Bees were said also to sing in their hives."—Chambers's *Book of Days*, ii. 736f. The same superstition is in Lancashire, except that the bees hum the Hundredth Psalm.—Harland, *Lancashire Folk-lore*, p. 223, etc.

1. 285.—**fever was cured by a spider.** "*Fever*. People cure it by wearing for nine days on the breast a living spider, shut up in a nut-shell."—Tr. from Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 41.

1. 286.—**four-leaved clover.** "Four-leaved clover renders one invisible."—Pluquet, *Contes*, p. 45.

1. 290.—**Father Leblanc.** His technical title as a notary would be Master, *Maitre*; but see l. 263, *n*. He had 'cent raisons' to be called father (cf. l. 273).

1. 297.—**God's name.** *Nom de Dieu* is still a common French exclamation,—an abbreviation of *au (sacré) nom de Dieu!* in God's name.

Page 93. l. 306ff.—**Once in an ancient city.** What follows is the substance of an old Florentine story that has been employed in the *Pie voleuse*, a melodrama by Caigniez and Daubigne (1815), which ends happily, however, and in the *Gazza ladra* ('Thievish Magpie'), an opera of Rossini (1817).

This digression is technically an *Episode*, or subordinate narrative, arising from the main action but not essential to it. It is a favourite device of the classical poets to lend variety to their story.

Page 94. l. 815.—**Ruled with an iron rod.** *Rev.* ii. 27.

1. 824.—**magpie.** A bird very like a crow, but usually blue in colour with bars of black and white (hence the word "pied"). Its nest, usually built in high trees, is made

of sticks plastered inside with earth and lined with grass. The bird's propensity to carry off glittering articles has given rise to many stories, of which the present is the most famous.

Page 96. l. 343.—window's embrasure. See *Warden of the Cinque Ports*, l. 27, n.

l. 354.—nine, the village sorrow. (OFr. *courfeu*, for *couvre-feu*, 'cover-fire.') The custom of ringing a bell at eight or nine at night to signify that lights and fires are to be put out, appears to have been general in Europe, even before the time of William the Conqueror, and to survive even to-day in a modified form (the ringing of the bell) in parts of France and America.

Page 97. l. 367.—the precious dower. A French girl rarely marries without a dowry suitable to her class of life. It is therefore an object of the greatest forethought and care.

Page 98. l. 371.—like the tremulous tides. Cf. *A.M.*, l. 417ff.

l. 381.—out of Abraham's tent. *Gen.* xxi. 14. Cf. *A Gleam of Sunshine*, l. 31, n.

IV.

Page 99. l. 384.—wavering shadows.

Among the long, black rafters

The wavering shadows lay.

—Longfellow, *The Bridge*.

l. 386.—golden gates of the morning

See how the morning opes her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.

—Shakspeare, *III. Henry VI.* ii. i. 21.

Page 100. l. 397.—simple people, who lived like brothers.
See l. 52, n.

l. 404.—stript of its golden fruit. 1st ed. 9th. Bending with golden fruit; but changed to present reading about 1867.

Page 101. l. 413.—Tous les Bons Bois de Chartres, etc. Pronounce *tōō lū bōōr zhvak' dē r' tre*; lit., all the citizens of Chartres (in the department of Eure-et-Loir, fifty miles S. W. of Paris). The name of a song composed by Du Caurey (1549-1609), master of the royal music to Henry IV. It has the following words. The English translations of this and the following piece are from the Riverside *Evangeline*.

Vous connaissez Cybèle
Qui sut fixer le Temps;
On la disait fort belle,
Même dans ses vieux ans.

Cette divinité, quoique déjà
grand'mère
Avait les yeux doux, le teint
frals,
Avait même certains attrait
Ferme comme la Terre.

You remember Cybelë,
Wise the seasons to unfold;
Very fair, said men, was she,
Even when her years grew old.

A grandame, yet by goddess
birth
She kept sweet eyes, a color
warm.
And held through every-
thing a charm
Fast like the earth.

Air and words are to be found in *La Clé du Caveau*, Pierre Capelle, Paris, 1847.

Le Carillon de Dunquerque. Pronounce *lē cah'rē yon(g)' dē dun kerk'č*. A special tune played by the chiming clock of Dunkirk; also the song sung to that tune. The music and words are printed in the *Clé du Caveau*, cited above.

Imprudent, téméraire
Instant, je l'espère
Sans moi juste courroux,
Tu vas ton sous mes coups!

—Je brave ta menace.
—Être moi! quelle audace!
Avance donc, poltron!
Tu trembles? non, non, non
—J'étouffe de colère!
—Je ris de ta colère.

Reckless and rash,
Take heed for the flash
Of mine anger, 't is just
To lay thee with my blows in the
dust.

—Your threats I defy.
—What! You would be I!
Come, coward! I'll show—
You tremble? No.
—I'm choking with rage!
—A fig for your rage.

"Looked over the *Recueil de Cantiques à l'usage des Missions*, etc., Quebec, 1833.... Other airs are Le Carillon

de Dunquerque; Charmante Gabrielle, Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres."—L., *Journal*, Ap. 29, 1829.

l. 414.—**wooden shoes.** The *sabots* of the French peasantry.

Page 102. l. 430.—**their commander.** Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, born in Plymouth, Mass., 1702, died 1774; after General Pepperell, "the most distinguished military leader in New England of that period."

l. 432.—**"You are convened this day,"** etc. Col. Winslow's address is preserved in his MS. Letter-book (Mass. Hist. Soc., Boston*), and incorporated in Haliburton, of which L. makes a free poetical rendering. It reads:—

"Gentlemen,—I have received from His Excellency Governor Lawrence, The King's Commission, which I have in my hand, and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you, his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of his Province of Nova Scotia; who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely—that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province.

"Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed;

*It is now reprinted with the original spelling and punctuation in *N. S. Hist. Coll.*, iii. 94f.

and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommending the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must inform you that it his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command."

"And he then declared them the King's prisoners."—Haliburton, i. 176f.

Page 104. l. 456.—we never have sworn them allegiance. See Introd. Historical Note.

Page 105. l. 466.—tocsin. (OFr. *toquesin*,—*toquer*, to strike), signal of alarm by ringing of a bell; hence the alarm-bell itself.

Again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat.

—Longfellow, *Belfry of Bruges*.

the clock strikes. Cf. *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 18f. Judging from the many references, the clock seems to have had a curious fascination for the poet.

l. 476.—Father, forgive them. *Luke*, xxiii. 34.

Page 106. l. 484.—Ave Maria (*ah' ve mar ē' ah*). Hail, Mary! A devotion of the Roman Catholic Church, in reference to the salutation Ave [*Maria*], *gratia plena*, of *Luke* i. 28.

l. 486.—like Elijah. *2 Kings*, ii. 11. *Gleam of Sunshine*, l. 31, n.; *Evang.*, l. 96, n.

l. 490.—level rays. See *Hohenlinden*, l. 21, n.

Page 107. l. 492.—emblazoned its windows. Emblazon, or blazon (*blā'zn*), generally denotes to describe, depict or paint armorial bearings, as on a shield (OFr. *blazon*, shield); but is also used in a more extended sense of painting or depicting in gorgeous colours.

Where twelve great windows blazon Arthur's wars.

—Tennyson, *The Holy Grail*.

l. 499.—her spirit within. A biblical phrase; cf. *Isaiah* xxvi. 9; *Job* xxxii. 18, etc.

Page 108. l. 507.—the Prophet descending. *Exodus* xxxiv. 29-35.

l. 511.—till. Read until 1867, until.

V.

Page 109. l. 524ff.—Four times the sun had risen, etc. "The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessel. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. The request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was covered with women and children; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns.—This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same

scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the District of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the River Gaspereaux....As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova-Scotia....The volumes of smoke which the half expiring embers emitted, while they marked the sight of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation; and mourned alike the hand that fed, and the house that had sheltered them."—Haliburton, i. 179ff.

Page 111. l. 552.—**voices of spirits.** Always associated with music, as in the pictures of Paradise in the Scriptures.

Page 112. l. 569.—**in the confusion.** "The hurry, confusion and excitement connected with the embarkation."—Haliburton, i. 180.

Page 113. l. 570. **wives were torn.** "Parents were separated from children and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again."—*Petition of the Pennsylvania Acadians*, Haliburton, i. 194.

l. 577.—**kelp.** The largest and coarsest sea-weeds.

l. 579.—**leaguer.** Archaic. The camp of a (besieging) army.

l. 582.—**its nethermost caves.** See l. 5, *n*.

Page 114. l. 589.—**Silence reigned, etc.** Refrain from l. 48ff.

l. 597.—**shipwrecked Paul.** *Acts*, xxvii. 22ff; xxviii. 1.

Melita (*mel' it a*). Gk. *Melita*, the ancient name of the island of Malta. A bay near La Valletta still bears the

name of St. Paul, commemorating the tradition that he was shipwrecked there.

1. 601.—**face of a clock.** Cf. l. 466, *n.*

1. 605.—**Benedicite** (*ben e dis' it ē*). The imperative 2nd pl. of *benedicere*, to bless. The beginning of the Latin benediction of the Roman Catholic Church.

1. 607.—**on a threshold.** Quarto edition, on the threshold.

1. 610.—**Raising his tearful eyes.** Until 1867, Raising his eyes, full of tears.

Page 116. 1. 615.—**Titan-like.** The Titans were fabled to be the children of Uranus and Gæa. They waged war against Chronos and Zeus whose thunderbolts finally subdued them. In attempting to scale Heaven they piled mountain upon mountain,—Pelion on Ossa (cf. "piling huge shadows," l. 616). They were not hundred-handed, which properly applies to their relative Briar'eus, who fought against them.

1. 621.—**gleeds.** (AS. *glēd*, a glowing coal.) Burning coals.

Page 117. 1. 631.—**or forests.** Frequently misprinted, of forests.

Nebraska. Or Platte River, formed from two streams rising in Colorado, which meet in Nebraska. It joins the Missouri below Omaha.

Page 118. 1. 645.—**woke from her trance.** Only the Quarto ed. has, awoke.

Page 119. 1. 651.—**without bell or book.** Without the funeral bell or burial service from the missal.

And each St. Clair was buried there,

With candle, with book, and with kneel,

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—Scott, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, vi. xxiii.

The phrase is in common use after the sentence of excommunication, it being followed by the closing of the book, jangling of the bell, and throwing down of the candles.

l. 659.—**Lo!** with a mournful sound, etc. Cf. l. 5 and l. 2, *n*.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Page 120, l. 668.—household gods. A classical allusion to the Lares, Manes, and Penates, or household gods of the Romans, divinities of each hearth and family. To remove their images would denote therefore the removal of the family, with all that was most precious in their home life.

l. 669.—**without an end, and....example.** See Introductory Note. Most people would prefer being temporarily exiled with the Acadians to being massacred with the Huguenots of France under Louis XIV. or the Jews of Spain under Ferdinand.

l. 674.—**savanna.** OSp. *savana*, lit., plain covered with snow, but used by the early Spanish settlers to designate the treeless plains of North America. The word is in common use in the Southern Atlantic States, especially in Florida.

l. 675.—**Father of Waters.** Mississippi; Ind. *Miche Sepe*, Great River, Father of Waters.

l. 676.—**Seizes the hills....ocean.**

The moanings of the homeless sea.

The sound of streams that swift or slow

Draw down Æonian hills, and sow

The dust of continents to be.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xxxv.

Alluvial land forms a very large portion of Louisiana. Darby constantly speaks of the rivers washing away the bluffs, of immense tracts of land made by alluvion.

l. 677.—**mammoth.** Gigantic extinct species of elephant, remains of which are found in Europe and in North

America. The burial of bones in the alluvial deposits of great rivers is scientifically accurate.

Page 122. 1. 705.—Coureurs-des-Bois. Pronounce *coo rër' dā bwah'*; lit., Runners of the Woods. Bush-rangers, men engaged in trading in furs with the natives; for the most part of French or French and Indian origin.

1. 707.—**Voyageur.** Pronounce *vwah yah zhër'*. The name given to men who transported the furs and supplies from one trading post to another (from *voyager*, to travel).

Louisiana. At the time of the expulsion of the Acadians Louisiana was a colony of France, settled by the French, who discovered it, in 1699. All the land west of the Mississippi passed by the French cession of Louisiana in 1762 entirely into the hands of Spain. Of this immense region Louisiana, then extending from the Gulf and the ancient Spanish possessions on the Mexican frontier northward to the 49th parallel (that is, to the present British possessions) became again French in 1801, and was sold in 1803 to the United States. The price paid, something like sixteen million dollars, shows how unpopulated and unknown was this immense region, the acquisition of which doubled the domain of the United States.

Page 123. 1. 711.—Baptiste. Pronounce *ba-těst'*.

1. 712.—to braid St. Catherine's tresses. St. Catherine is the name especially of two favourite virgin saints, the one who lived in Alexandria at the beginning of the fourth century, the other at Sienna, Italy, 1347-1380. Both were brides of Christ.

The origin of the expression *coiffer saint Cathérine*, to remain unmarried, is obscure. One suggestion is that it was believed that bridesmaids who arranged the bride's hair would soon marry. Hence to remain to dress St. Catherine's tresses (who never married) would be equivalent to not marrying at all. A more probable solution is

that in France, Spain, and Italy, it was the practice, not yet given over, for maidens to braid the tresses of the saints' images in the church. Therefore when a girl did not marry it was said that she would stay to braid St. Catherine's tresses. So it was said of bachelors that they would remain to bear St. Nicholas' cross. —Quitard, in Larousse, *Dict. XIXme Siècle*.

l. 720.—**affection never was wasted.**

I hold it true, what'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xxvii.

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

—Schiller, *Piccolomini*, ii. 11.

Page 124. l. 725.—**Sorrow and silence are strong.**

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shall know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow, *The Light of Stars*.

l. 732.—**shards.** (AS. *scard*, shard, tile. Fragments of pottery, etc. (cf. *potsherd*, *Job*, ii. 8).

l. 733.—**O Muse.** The invocation is in the manner of the classical poets; frequent in the *Æneid*. It seems antiquated here.

l. 735ff.—**a streamlet's course, etc.** An interesting parallel is furnished by Wordsworth's description of Coleridge's conversation, which he compared to "a majestic river, the sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals; which was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in sand; then came flashing out broad and distinct; and even when it took a turn which your eye could not follow, yet you always felt and knew that there was a connection in its parts and that it was the same river."

II.

Page 125. 1. 741.—**The Beautiful River.** The Ohio. Ind. *Ohiopekhanne*, White Stream, perhaps in allusion to the white waves raised by the wind. Longfellow translates the French name of the river. In Bonne's map, 1717, in Gayarré the stream is marked *Ohio ou la Belle R.*

the Wabash. A large tributary of the Ohio, entering it on the north bank, not far above latter's junction with the Mississippi.

1. 743.—**golden stream.** The Mississippi is tinged yellow with the muddy waters of the Missouri.

Page 126. 1. 749.—**kith.** (AS. *cýth*, acquaintance.) In the phrase 'kith and kin,' one's own people, one's kindred.

few-acred. Cf. 1. 994.

1. 750.—**Opelousas** (*op é loo' sas*). The capital of the parish of St. Landry, La., sixty miles west from Baton Rouge. It is situated in the midst of immense meadows,—the prairies of Opelousas, Grand Prairie, Mamon, Calcasin, etc., several million acres in extent (Darby, p. 97ff.).

the Acadian Coast. "Between the 1st of January and the 18th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans, and from that town had been sent to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas.—Gayarré, *History of Louisiana*, p. 122. In the month of February, 216 Acadians arrived in Louisiana... Implements of husbandry were distributed to them at the cost of the Government, and they were authorized to form settlements on both sides of the Mississippi, from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Point Coupée. Hence the name of *Acadia Coast*, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears."—*Id.*, p. 182.

1. 752.—**chutes** (*shoot*). (Fr. *chute*, fall, cataract, etc.) On the lower Mississippi, a narrow channel with free current. **plume-like Cotton-trees.** The cotton-wood, any Ameri-

can poplar. The seeds grow in catkins, covered with cotton-like fibre, giving the tree its name. The plume-like appearance of the poplar has often been remarked.

1. 761.—**Shaded by china-trees.** We are indebted to a gentleman of Mississippi for the following description:—
“The China-tree (*Melia Azedarach*) is a tree of the same family as the mahogany, of quick growth, of about thirty feet in height; leaves, bright green; flowers, lilac, star-shaped, in clusters, and fragrant; fruit or berries, bright glassy green, in clusters, yellow and wrinkled when matured, seed covered with a cheesy pulp bitter-sweet in taste, intoxicating to birds, which are often found in great numbers in a helpless condition from eating the fruit....; timber, soft and of not much use. There is a variety known as the Umbrella China-tree from its shape, which is the ornament of many of the towns in the south.”

The literature of the Southern States has many references to the (Pride of) China trees. In Mr. Cable's novel *Dona-venture*, which depicts the Acadians of Louisiana, we read of “Farms, each with its low-roofed house nestled in a planted grove of oaks, or, oftener, Pride of China trees” (p. 1). “Only an adventitious China-tree here and there had been stripped of its golden foliage and kept but its ripened berries, with the red birds darting and fluttering around them, like so many hiccoughing Comanches about a dram-seller's tent” (p. 180).

Page 127. 1. 766.—Bayou of Plaquemine. Pronounce *bī' dō, plak mēn'*. A bayou is a stagnant or sluggish channel, an inlet or outlet of a lake or river, etc.

“The Bayou Plaquemine leaves the Mississippi river twenty-two miles below Baton Rouge, flows to the west fifteen miles and falls into the Atchafalaya. The channel of this bayou is....the communicating route between the inhabitants of Opelousas, and....the Mississippi.”—Darby, p. 50.

l. 768.—like a net-work of steel. "The infinite number of natural canals, that everywhere pervade the state of Louisiana, near the sea coast and the margin of the large rivers, running into each other like net work."—Darby, p. 141.

l. 771.—banners....on the walls. As in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. "Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath..... above these are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendour of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fretwork of the roof."—Irving, *Sketch Book*.

l. 772.—Death-like the silence. "To have an idea of the dead silence, the awful lonesomeness, the dreary aspect of this region, it is necessary to visit the spot. Animated nature is banished; scarce a bird flits along to enliven the scenery. Natural beauty is not wanting, the varied windings and intricate bendings of the lakes relieve the sameness, whilst the rich green of the luxuriant growth of forest trees, the long line of woods melting into the distant sky, the multifarious tints of the willow, cotton, and other fluvial trees, rendered venerable by the long trains of waving moss, amuse the fancy."—Darby, p. 186 (near Atchafalaya).

l. 775.—the moonlight. The strain of pathos enters here, making a refrain from l. 849ff.

Page 128. l. 782.—mimosa (*mī mō' sa*). A large genus of plants (some 280 species), some of which have leaves that close when touched. The best known of these is the sensitive-plant, "a branching annual one or two feet in height, having a great many small leaflets, which are highly sensitive when touched."

Page 129. l. 801.—Canadian boat-songs. "Canadian" is used

loosely here, as if applicable to all the French inhabitants of Canada and Acadia; perhaps also in l. 992.

l. 803.—**While.** The first nine editions read, *And*.

Page 130: l. 805.—**whoop of the crane.** The American or Whooping Crane winters in the South.

l. 807.—**Atchafalaya.** Pronounce, *atch ah fa li' a*. It is a Choctaw word, meaning the long river, from *hucha*, river, and *falaya* long.—Gallatin, in Schoolcraft, *Oneida*, p. 158. The chief of the three outlets of the Mississippi west of the terminal mouths or "passes." It begins at the junction of the Red River with the Mississippi, runs southward for 200 miles, "winding from lake to lake, from swamp to swamp, to the shallow waters of the Gulf, west of the passes" (Reclus, *N. Amer.*, iii. 239 f.).

l. 809.—**lotus.** A general name for the water-lily. The white water-lily is referred to in l. 808. The yellow water-lily in Southern waters easily satisfies the poet's present description. See *Harper's Mag.*, vol. lxxviii.

l. 811.—**magnolia.** The laurel magnolia is found for three hundred miles up the Mississippi. It is usually seventy feet in height, bearing magnificent foliage and white, sweet-smelling flowers, seven or eight inches broad, and of great beauty.—(Michaux, *N. A. Sylva*, ii. 8ff.)

l. 816.—**Wachita willows.** Pronounce *wah' shê tah*. "The Ouachitta flows out of the forest between the Mississippi and Red Rivers, and is lost in the delta of the Mississippi."—Darby, p. 42. Willows are frequent on the river-banks of Louisiana, but I find no indication of the particular species indicated by the poet.

Page 131. l. 820.—**trumpet-flower.** A climbing shrub with clusters of beautiful trumpet-shaped yellowish red flowers. Longfellow's house, in July of this year, had a blossoming trumpet-flower embowering the whole corner of the piazza.

l. 821.—**the ladder of Jacob.** Cf. *A Gleam of Sunshine*, l. 31, n.

Page 132. l. 837.—palmettos. Name of many species of palm having large fan-shaped leaves.

l. 839.—All. Early readings, And.

Page 133. l. 856.—Têche. Pronounce *tehsh* (e almost as *é*). This bayou begins in St. Landry parish, of which Opelousas is the chief town, winds southward for one hundred and eight miles to the Atchafalaya, where it is two hundred yards wide and twenty or thirty feet deep. "The great body of the present inhabitants of Attacapas are ranged along the Têche. The rich emigrants that are removing have generally turned their attention to the Têche."—Darby, *Louisiana*, p. 142f. (1817.)

St. Maur. For St. Mary's, one of the two towns of the district mentioned by Darby.

St. Martin. "St. Martin, on the west bank of the Têche, in the parish of the same name, is the largest [town], containing perhaps 100 houses."—Darby, p. 159.

Page 134. l. 865.—his golden wand. The wand used in tracing the figures of magic by which the sorcerer effects his charm.

l. 878.—mocking-bird, wildest of singers. Longfellow writes in the *Journal* Jan. 26, 1817:—"Finished second canto of Part II. of *Brungline*. I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird:

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awakening from his dream,
Poured such delirious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
The multitudinous music from his tongue,—
As, after showers, a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

Page 135 l. 878. —**Bacchantes.** Women celebrating with wild orgies the festivals of Bacchus, god of wine. They danced wildly with streaming hair singing and waving a staff (*thyrsus*) entwined with ivy and crowned with a pine-cone.

Round about him fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delicious verses.

—Longfellow, *Drinking Song*.

l. 881.—the *Tèche*..green *Opelousas*. See l. 750, n., and l. 856, n. The Opelousas prairie, perennially green, of over a million acres, beginning thirteen miles from the mouth of Opelousas, and extending south for nearly sixty miles. The *Tèche* flows through part of it.... "Here you behold those vast herds of cattle which afford subsistence to the natives.... It is certainly one of the most agreeable views in nature, to behold from a point of elevation, thousands of horses and cows, of all sizes, scattered over the interminable mead intermingled in wild profusion....grazing in a sea of plenty. If the active horseman that guard them would," etc.—Darby, p. 106.

III.

Page 136. l. 889.—**Spanish moss.** Or Long-moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*), "with gray filiform stems and leaves, forming dense pendulous tufts which drape the forests of the southern United States" (*Cent. Dict.*).

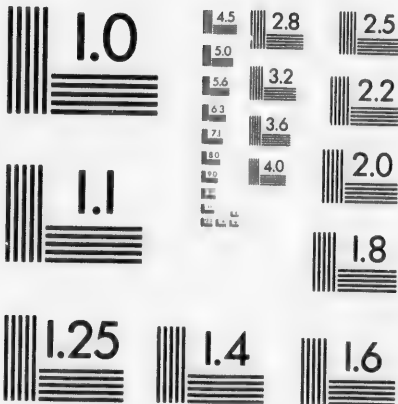
l. 890.—**Druids.**—See l. 8 n.

Yule-tide. Christmas-time. *Geol* was the AS. name of the heathen festival of the winter solstice, commemorated by burning large fires. The Church gave it a Christian character. Pliny does not say the Druids cut the mistle-toe especially at Christmas; Longfellow confuses the later custom.

l. 891.—**house of the herdsman.** Describing the Acadian houses on the upper *Tèche*, *Scribner's*, Jan., 1880, reads:—



(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

"Embowered in groves of china trees you will find comfortable houses, which are always built in the same plain cottage style, weather-boarded without and plastered within, and with the inevitable *galerie* or porch in front. They vary in nothing but size."

l. 899.—dove-cots love's perpetual symbol. See l. 100, *n*.

Page 137. l. 910.—Stood a cluster of trees, etc.

1st ed. Stood a cluster of cotton-trees with cordage of grape-vines.

"Timber along the rich margin of the Têche is generally composed of hickory, sycamore....oak....elm, linden, laurel magnolia....The muscadine grape-vine and smilax are found entwined round those large forest trees."

—Darby, p. 98.

l. 911.—Just where the woodlands meet, etc. See l. 884, *n*.

l. 912.—Spanish saddle. The saddle-tree is higher in bow and back than in the English saddle. The stirrups have likewise heavy leathern guards.

Page 140. l. 952.—Adayes (*ah dā' es*). "Adaes, Adaize, a tribe of Indians, who formerly lived forty miles south-west from Natchitoches, in the area of country, which now constitutes a part of the republic of Texas.—Schoolcraft, *Oneôta*, p. 160. Among these Indians, missions were established by Spanish Jesuits from Mexico, which were abandoned in 1693. Twenty years later Spanish Franciscans founded four stations in the same field. Of these San Miguel de Cuellar, called also *San Miguel de los Adaes*, was situated on the Sabine River (present boundary of Texas and Louisiana), forty miles south-west of Natchitoches. Apparently a fort rose near by, for mention is made of the Presidio of Adaes (Bancroft). In Shea's *Catholic Missions in America*, the station is termed Adayes.

l. 953.—**Ozark Mountains.** They run north-east to south-west, through what is now Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas. In Schoolcraft's *Oneida* there is a narrative *Adventures in the Ozark Mountains*, which may have furnished some materials for ll. 1078ff.

Page 141. l. 960.—**Michael the fiddler.** See l. 408.

l. 961.—**Olympus** (*ō lim' pus*). A mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, fabled to be the favourite home of the gods.

Page 142. l. 970.—**ci-devant** (*sē dē von(g)'*). Fr., lit., herebefore; hence, former, of the past.

l. 974.—**go and do likewise.** *Luke*, x. 37.

l. 980.—**the dewy moon.** Cf. Milton's "dewy eve." Here the refrain enters again from l. 369.

Page 143. l. 981.—**Natchitoches** (*nackē tosh'*). Originally a French settlement among the Natchez Indians. It is in Louisiana, on the Red River.

l. 991.—**All the year round the orange-groves.** The orange tree is remarkable in bearing at the same time blossoms, ripening and ripe fruit.

Page 144. l. 1004.—**the fever.** The scourge of the South, the yellow-fever.

l. 1006.—**Cured by....a spider.** See l. 285, n.

l. 1009.—**Creoles.** Native-born inhabitants of the West Indies or Spanish America, born of Spanish or French parents.

Page 145. l. 1019.—**the giddy dance.** Until the Quarto ed. this read, the dizzy dance.

Page 146. l. 1025.—**the sound of the sea, etc.** The refrain of the sea enters again, mingled with the strain descriptive of the moonlight. Here too the continued suspense arising from the reader's interest in Evangeline's search

reaches its climax (ll. 1023-1058); henceforth it will moderate with the growing certainty that the search will prove vain. The whole passage may be regarded as the centre of the poem. Artistically it is very effective.

l. 1033.—**Carthusian.** The order of Carthusian monks was founded (1805) by St. Bruno (1040-1101) at Chartreuse, near Grenoble, France. It enjoins a most austere life; monasteries to be built in isolated districts, the monks to live in almost perpetual silence, etc.

l. 1037.—**the shade.** Until 1867, the brown shade.

Page 147. l. 1041.—stars, the thoughts of God. Cf. l. 352.

l. 1044. **Upharsin.** Lit. 'they are lacking'; see *Dan.* v. 5-28.

Page 148. l. 1057.—**Patience, etc.** A refrain in form from l. 5f.

oracular caverns of darkness. Allusion to the caves of the sibyl of Cumæ and the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, etc., as well as to the forest of oracular oaks of Dodona, Epirus.

l. 1060.—**Bathed his shining feet.** Adaptation of *Luke*, vii. 38; *John*, xii. 3.

l. 1063.—**the Prodigal Son.** *Luke*, xv. 11-32.

l. 1064.—**the Foolish Virgin.** See l. 800. Allusion to *Matth.* xxv. 1-13.

Page 149. l. 1068.—**they follow.** As late as 1876, they followed.

l. 1069.—**like a dead leaf.** Refrain from l. 13.

l. 1071.—**found they the trace.** Until latest editions, Found they trace.

l. 1074.—**Adayes.** See l. 952, *n.*

IV.

Page 150. l. 1082.—**Oregon.** Or Columbia River, 1400 miles in length, flowing from the Canadian Rockies through Washington and Oregon into the Pacific.

Walleway. The poet has changed the name for the sake of the metre,—the Wallawalla, a small river rising on the north border of Oregon, tributary to the Columbia River.

Owyhee (*ō wī' hē*). A tributary of the Snake River, which is itself a tributary of the Oregon.

1. 1083.—**Wind-river Mountains.** Part of the Rockies, in Wyoming.

1. 1084.—**Sweet-water Valley.** The valley of the Sweet-water River in Wyoming, one of the upper branches of the Nebraska.

1. 1085.—**Fontaine-qui-bout.** Pronounce *fon (g)' tūn kē* *boo'*. 'The Gushing Fountain.' Name of a stream that rises in Pike's Peak and flows into the Arkansas.

the Spanish sierras. Part of the Rockies, chiefly in New Mexico.

Page 151. 1. 1091.—**amorphas.** Shrubs of the bean family, bearing spikes of purple or violet flowers. Bastard indigo is another name for the plant.

1. 1092.—**wandered.** Here and in the following line until 1876 the poet had, wander. The change is significant of the progress of western civilization.

1. 1094.—**Fires that blast.** "The highland tracts of the Ozark range....look, in their natural state, more sterile than they actually are, from the effect of autumnal fires. These fires, continued for ages by the natives, to clear the ground for hunting, have had the effect, etc.—*Adventures in the Ozark Mountains, Oneōta*, p. 116.

1. 1095.—**Ishmael's children.** Ishmael, son of Abraham and Hagar (*Gen. xxi. 14ff.*), is the reputed ancestor of the Arabs; a proverbial comparison arises therefrom for the nomadic Indians.

1. 1098.—**Like the implacable soul of a chieftain, etc.** A possible reminiscence of Virgil, speaking of Turnus when slain by Æneas.

Vitæque cum genitu fugit indignata sub umbras.
[And his indignant soul fled lamenting amid the shades.]

Æneid, xii. 952.

See *Notes and Queries*, 6th Ser., vol. viii. (Feb. 23, 1884)

Page 152. l. 1106.—At the base of the Ozark Mountains. That is, beginning at the northern and western slopes of the Ozarks, the original destination of Gabriel.

l. 1114.—**Fata Morgana** (*fah'tah mor gah'na*). Lit., the Fairy Morgana, sister of King Arthur, and an important character in medieval Arthurian romance. One of her works of magic was supposed to be the mirage, the Castle of the Fairy Morgana, seen in the straits of Messina. On a clear calm morning the spectator, standing on the Calabrian coast and looking towards the straits sees for a brief time, mirrored in the unequally heated layers of air over the Mediterranean, the objects of the Sicilian coast, sometimes gorgeously coloured. The spectacle is greeted by the natives with cries of *Morgana! Morgana!* Longfellow's poem entitled *Fata Morgana* may be compared.

l. 1119.—**Shawnee**. The Shawnees were a vagrant tribe of Algonquin Indians, chiefly dwelling between the Red River, tributary of the Mississippi, and the Canadian River, tributary of the Arkansas.

Page 153. l. 1120.—**Comanches**. The more usual title is Comanches, a fierce and predatory tribe of Shoshonean stock, who dwelt in (present) Texas, between the Red River and the Rio del Norte.

Page 154. l. 1139.—the tale of the Mowis (*mō' wēs*). A legend of the Ojibways, narrated by Schoolcraft. A proud and noted belle in an Indian village rejected a handsome suitor. To humble the arrogant beauty the rejected lover gathered up all the bits of rags and finery he could secure, and by the aid of his guardian spirit fashioned them into beautiful garments, which he filled with bones

and earth cemented with snow, making the whole into the likeness of a handsome warrior, Moowis, the Dirt or Rag Man. He led Moowis to the village, where the handsome stranger wooed and won the haughty maiden. The morning after the wedding the stranger announced that business called him into a distant region. His bride insisted on accompanying him. They set out, the husband ahead, out of sight of his wife. The sun began to shine, and the wife following his path found his mittens, his moccasins, all turned to rags, but though she wandered on despairing she caught no glimpse more of Moowis. "Moowis, Moowis, you have led me astray—you are leading me astray." And with this cry she continued to wander in the woods.—Schoolcraft, *Ojéwé*, New York, 1845, p. 381f. *Tales of a Wigwam*.

1. 1145.—the fair Lilinau (*lē lē nō'*). An Ojibway legend, told by Schoolcraft. Leelinau, the favourite daughter of a mighty hunter, dwelt on the shore of Lake Superior. She took no interest in the sports of her companions but delighted to haunt the forest of pines on the shore, a grove sacred to the Indian fairies. At last her parents suspected that some evil spirit had power over her, and set a day for her wedding a young chief. Leelinau however refused to marry him. Retiring under her favourite pine-tree and leaning against the trunk, she heard the tree whisper that he was her lover, and would guard her and keep her if she would rove a fairy with him. The night before her wedding day she stole off in her best garments to her lover with the Green Plume. One night fishermen by the Spirit Grove descried something like the figure of Leelinau, and as they landed they saw the lost girl with the green plumes of her lover waving over her forehead, as they glided through the pines.—Schoolcraft, *Algonic Researches*, N. Y., 1839, ii. 77ff.

Page 156. 1. 1167.—Black Robe chief. The cassocked priest.

The French Catholic missions were begun on the Mississippi by Marquette, 1673. (See Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*.)

Page 157. l. 1182.—*susurrus*. Lat. *susurrus*, murmuring, whispering, from *susurro*, I whisper.

Page 158. l. 1194.—*suns*. The priest adopts the Indian mode of reckoning.

l. 1199.—*some lone nest*. Cf. Wordsworth's *Why art thou Silent*, p. 41.

Page 159. l. 1213ff.—*Blushed at each blood-red ear*, etc. "If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked* and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa ge min* is the word shouted aloud. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot," etc.—Schoolcraft, *Oneota*, p. 254. The whole situation is expanded in *Hiawatha*, xiii., q. v.

Page 160. l. 1219.—*compass-flower*. This reference gave the poet a great deal of trouble. In the first ed. he described the plant as 'the delicate flower'; 'Its leaves all point to the north'; it is the flower 'that the finger of God has suspended Here on its fragile stalk.' In the sixth ed. it became 'a delicate plant'; in 1867, 'its leaves are turned to the north'; in 1869, 'that the finger of God has planted'; in 1867, 'in the houseless wild.' The whole difficulty arose from the fact that the original description scarcely characterized the *Silphium laciniatum*, or compass-plant, which is neither delicate nor elegant. It is "a tall rough-bristly perennial herb of the aster family of the American prairies, whose larger lower leaves are said to assume a vertical position with their edges turned north and south. Called also *Polar-plant*." See *Stand. Dict.*, which contains an engraving.

1. 1225.—**The blossoms of passion.** If not entirely figurative, this refers to the Passion-flower, a genus of plants chiefly met in the warm districts of America, with gorgeous flowers which early Spanish settlers thought represented our Lord's passion, "the filamentous processes being taken to represent the crown of thorns, the nail-shaped styles the nails of the cross, and the fine anthers the marks of the wounds." Some species have narcotic properties (l. 1224.)

1. 1226.—**nepenthe** (*nē penth' ē*). (Gk. *νη*, not, *πενθος*, grief.) "A drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let fall no tear down his cheeks, not though his father and mother died."—*Odyssey*, iv. 219ff, tr. Butcher and Lang.

asphodel-flowers. The white asphodel, a sort of lily with a pale blossom. It grows freely in waste places, such as burial-grounds, and so became associated with death. See *Odyssey*, xi. 539; xxiv. 13.

Others in Elysian valleys dwell
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
—Tennyson, *The Lotos-Eaters*.

1. 1229.—**wold.** (A.S. *weald*.) Open undulating country.

Page 161. 1. 1233.—**Saginaw River.** Flows through Michigan into Lake Huron.

1. 1241.—**Tents of Grace.... Moravian Missions.** Bohemian Protestants, contemporary with John Huss (1368–1416), became organized as a church, *Unitas Fratrum*, the Unity of the Brethren, in 1467, which spread through Bohemia and Moravia. It was suppressed in 1627, but supposed descendants of the Brethren emigrated in 1722 into Saxony, when they assumed the name of Moravian Brethren. From Herrnhut, Saxony, the church spread into Germany, Britain, and America. Mission stations, which

still exist, were established at Bethlehem, Nazareth, etc. in Pennsylvania, Salem in North Carolina, etc.

Tents of Grace. The early editions have "tents of grace," as if a general name of the Moravian mission stations; in 1867 the reading is that of our text. The term translates Gnadenhutten, the name of a village on the Tuscarawas River, Ohio, founded by the Moravian missionaries in 1773 among the Mohican Indians. Burnt in 1782, it was again in 1797 made the centre of a Moravian settlement from Pennsylvania, whose descendants are still to be found there.

1. 1242.—**battle-fields of the army.** The wars of the Indians and the United States troops.

V.

1. 1253.—**in sylvan shades the name of Penn.** William Penn (1644-1718) was the most influential of the Quakers of his time. His reputation for enlightened philanthropy justifies the term "the Apostle." He founded Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, in 1682, on a bluff covered with pines. "Penn laid out his capital as methodically as the Romans did theirs, when they used to colonize. He rules his streets straight out towards the west, naming them from the trees they displaced, such as cedar, spruce, and sassafras; not as Mr. Longfellow has it, to appease the dryads whose haunts he molested (1. 1257), for he had a horror of the heathen mythology, but because he meant his city to be a rural city, and to rustle eternally with the breath of trees and shrubbery."—Stoddard, *A Century After*, p. 10.

Page 163. 1. 1257—**Dryads** (*dri'ad*). (Fr. *dryade*, Lat. *dryas*, from Gk. *δρῦς*, a tree). In classical mythology, deities or nymphs of the woods.

1. 1260.—**René Leblanc.** See 1. 263, *n*.

1. 1264.—The Thee and Thou of the Quakers. The characteristic and traditional mode of speech of the Friends, imitating Biblical simplicity. To-day, however, the "thee" has become the subjective as well as the objective case.

1. 1265.—It recalled the past. French is characterized by the use of *tu*, thou, among near relations and close friends, while *vous*, you, is a polite singular.

1. 1266.—Where all men were equal. Refrain from 1. 897.

Page 164. 1. 128.—Like to some odorous spices.

Once ght a smell o' musk into a draw,
And it clings hold like precedents in law.

—Lowell, *Bigelow Papers*.

Page 165. 1. 1288.—Sister of Mercy. The French order of *Filles de Notre Dame de Miséricorde*, Daughters of our Lady of Mercy, was founded in 1633 by St. Vincent de Paul, "to have for monastery the houses of the sick...for their cloister the streets of the town or wards of the hospital...for veil, holy modesty." It spread rapidly throughout the world. Branches were established in America, but not for some years after the time here described.

1. 1292.—the watchman.... "One need not be old to remember those old-time watchmen. How they used to light the lamps early in the evening. How they used to sit in their boxes, on the street-corners, and smoke their clay pipes. How they used to go their rounds, all night long, in the snow, in the rain, in the moonlight and starlight, singing, as they went the hour and the weather, 'Eleven o'clock, and a windy night!' 'Three o'clock, and a cloudy morning.'"—Stoddard, *A Century After*, p. 157.

1. 1296.—The German farmer. The German settlements about Philadelphia are very numerous, as they also are through Pennsylvania. Germantown, one of the suburbs of the city, records an early colony.

Page 166. 1. 1298.—A pestilence fell on the city. The pestilence of yellow-fever in 1793. It is the theme of Charles Brockden Brown's novel of *Arthur Mervyn*, and of M. Carey's essay *Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in 1793* (*Essays*, 1830).

1. 1299.—Presaged by wondrous signs. "Among the country people large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or not this prognostication has ever been verified, I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring the number of those birds brought to market was immense. Never, perhaps, were there so many before."—*A Memoir of the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in 1793*.

1. 1308.—the almshouse. The place referred to is disputed. An explanation was once given by Longfellow and published in the *New York Times* :—

"I got the climax of 'Evangeline' from Philadelphia, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to a great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I came to write 'Evangeline,' I located the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death, at this poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks. It was purely a fancy sketch, and the name of Evangeline was coined to complete the story. The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia gave me the ground-work of the poem."

The details suit admirably the Pennsylvania Hospital,

situated between Spruce and Pine streets, the oldest part of which was erected in 1755. Its walks and flowers are still as charming, and the button-woods and chestnuts as shady as when the poet visited it. But with its new additions it is no longer "meek in the midst of splendor."

Still it was not an "almshouse," and some therefore associate the place with the Friends' Almshouse, now no longer standing. "The Friends' Almshouse, approached by a court from Walnut Street, near Third, is a remaining part of a cluster of wings and tenements begun about 1713, and finished with an edifice fronting on Walnut Street in 1729. It was used exclusively for indigent Quakeresses, and jocularly styled the Quaker's Nunnery; a few 'decayed' Friends are still maintained in seclusion and respectability. Its interest is largely due to the rumor that here the Acadian refugees.... might have been tended as described in.... 'Evangeline.' A mere poetic fiction does not demand the very gravest adherence. If not here, the labors of the gentle French nurse must have been expended in a neighboring edifice, the old City Almshouse at Fourth and Spruce."—Stoddard, *A Century After*, p. 63.

Page 167. 1. 1312.—the words of the Lord. *Matth.* xxvi. 11.

Page 168. 1. 1326.—Christ Church First erected in 1695, twelve years after the city was laid out. The present church was begun in 1727 and its spire completed in 1754. "The chimes consist of eight bells bought in London in 1754, at a cost there of £560 sterling.... They are always chimed on Sundays and holydays, before divine service; and upon public occasions, when request is made."—Dorr, *Hist. Account of Christ Church*, p. 330. They were almost the first chimes in America and attracted great attention. The church boasts of being the cradle of the American Episcopal Church, and of sharing with Faneuil Hall, Boston, the renown that gathers about the chief scene of the Revolutionary movement.

1. 1327.—while. First ed., and.

1. 1328.—Swedes at Wicaco (*wē kah' kō*). The Swedes' Church is the oldest church in Philadelphia. The Swedes settled on the banks of the Delaware in their village of Wicaco, now called Southwark, a part of the city, as early as 1627. In 1677 they built a log church-fort. In 1700 the present fine church took its place. "An inlet from the river led up to the building, and its shores were lined on the Sabbath days with the canoes of the congregation, moored in the shades of the great sycamores.... The stout old sanctuary, built so as to look without interruption or obstacle on the Delaware, is long since imprisoned in a mass of common-place buildings. It faces towards Otsego street.... The beautiful orchard and tuft of sycamore trees have disappeared....and the songs of the garden-birds" (Stoddard).

Page 170. 1. 1355.—like the Hebrew. *Exod.* xii. 7, 12f., 13, 22f.

1. 1365.—Green Acadian meadows. Refrain from 1. 9ff.

Page 172. 1. 1383.—the little Catholic churchyard. See 1. 1308, n. A small churchyard lying between the church of St. Mary (founded 1763) and Fifth St. and containing gravestones dated as early as 1757. A rather desolate uncared-for place, with the staring brick walls and sign of the Quaker City Laundry and Taylor, Tin and Slate Roofer, on the south, and a Paper-box Factory on the north, which destroy all its sacred associations. The sexton, who knows not that the original story told of the death of the lovers in New England, guides the infrequent visitor to an unmarked grassy space by the north wall where he says the two lovers lie buried. A clump of lilacs shades the spot, as if to add a touch of poetry to the otherwise prosaic realities of the scene.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

*SIR PATRICK SPENCE.**

The King sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking his blude-red wine :
“ O whar will I get guid sailor
To sail this ship of mine ?”

Up and spake an eldern¹ knight*,
Sat at the kings richt kne :
“ Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea.”

5

The king has written a braid letter³
And signed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

10

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch⁴ lauched he :
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.⁵

15

“ O wha is this has don' this deid,
This ill deid done to me ;
To send me out this time o' the yeir
To sail upon the se ?”

20

“ Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne.”
“ O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.”

* The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

—Coleridge, *Dejection*.

1 Aged. 2 Knight. 3 Broad (open) letter. 4 Laugh. 5 Eye.

- "Late, late yestreen⁶ I saw the new moone 25
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will com' to harme."
- Oour Scots nobles wer richt laith',
 To wet their cork-heild schoone;
 But lang owre a' the play wer playd 30
 Their hats they swam aboone.⁸
- O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
 Cum sailing to the land.
- O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi' thair gold kems⁹ in their hair,
 Waiting for their ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair. 40
- Have owre,¹⁰ have owre to Aberdour,¹¹
 It's fifty fadom deip;
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.
 —From Percy's "Reliques."

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

- On the wide level of a mountain's head,
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread, 5
 Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother!
 That far outstripp'd the other;
 Yet even runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy behind: 10
 For he, alas! is blind!
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
 And knows not whether he is first or last.
 —Coleridge.

⁶ Yesterday evening. ⁷ Loath. ⁸ On the surface. ⁹ Combs. ¹⁰ Half over
¹¹ A village on the Forth.

LIFE.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part ;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.
 But this I know, when thou art fled,
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
 No clod so valueless shall be,
 As all that then remains of me.
 O whither, whither dost thou fly,
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
 And in this strange divorce,
 Ah ! tell where I must seek this compound I ?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
 From whence thy essence came,
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
 From matter's base, encumbering weed ?
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
 Though blank oblivious years the appointed hour,
 To break thy trance and re-assume thy power !
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
 O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee ?

Life ! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear ;
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me good morning.

—Mrs. Barbauld (1743-1825).

REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
 Here he lies where he longed to be ;
 Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHAT IS A SONNET?

What is a sonnet? 'T is a pearly shell
 That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea ;
 A precious jewel carved most curiously ;
 It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell 5
 From a great poet's ecstasy ;
 A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me !
 Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath, 10
 The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
 And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls ;
 A sea is this—beware who ventureth !
 For like a fiord the narrow flood is laid
 Deep as mid ocean to sheer mountain walls.

—*R. W. Gilder.*

MILTON.

He left the upland lawns and serene air
 Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,
 And reared his helm among the unquiet crew
 Battling beneath ; the morning radiance rare

Of his young brow amid the tumult there, 5
 Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew ;
 Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew
 The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair.

But when peace came, peace fouler far than war, 10
 And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
 He with a scornful laugh of his clear soul,
 Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,
 And with the awful night, he dwelt alone
 In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

—*Ernest Meyers.*

SLEEP.

Come, Sleep ! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The bating-place¹ of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease ;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head :
 And if these things, as being there by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.
 —Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), in "*Astrophel and Stella*."

SLEEP.

2. *Henry IV.*, iii., i., 5ff.)

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh these eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody !
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?

1 Place of refreshment.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

25

—*Shakspeare.*

TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long years through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!

5

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season.

10

15

Thou wander'st the wide world about
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical,
 In peace fulfilling.

20

—*Wordsworth.*

25 "WHEN A MOUNTING SKYLARK SINGS."

When a mounting skylark sings
In the sun-lit summer morn,
I know that heaven is up on high,
And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings
In the moon-lit summer even,
I know not if earth is merely earth,
Only that heaven is heaven.

5

—Christina Rossetti.

THE LARK.

5 Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
10 Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

5

10

15 O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
20 Sweet will be thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !

15

20

—James Hogg (1772-1835).

FROM "THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING."

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
 The virginal untroubled sky,
 And this vext region at my feet.—
 Alas, but one have I !

To all my songs there clings the shade, 5
 The dulling shade of mundane care.
 They amid mortal mists are made,—
 Thine in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears ;
 My song comes fluttering, and is gone. 10
 O high above the home of tears,
 Eternal Joy, sing on !

* * * * *
 Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
 In porches of the lucent morn,
 Ere he had felt his lack of wing, 15
 Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
 The sweet sky seemed not far above,
 And young and lovesome came the note ;—
 Ah, thine is Youth and Love ! 20

Thou singest of what he knew of old,
 And dream-like from afar recalls ;
 In flashes of forgotten gold
 An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one, 25
 Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh ;
 Less inaccessible the sun,
 Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,
 And of the courts of heaven art free, 30
 And carriest to his temporal ears,
 News from eternity ;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
 And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
 Where mortal and immortal merge, 35
 And human dies divine.

—William Watson.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
 Hark ! where blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops,—at the bent spray's edge,—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture.
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower.

—Browning.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeling into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and
 grey;
 'Here and there did England help me: how can I help England?'
 —say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—Browning.

EPIGRAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king, I offered free from stain,
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they. 5
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard in Lavernia, Scargill's¹ whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld, each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.
 —Macaulay (1800-1859).

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales; 5
 O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed;
 Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing; 10
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small, but sullen horn,
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
 Now teach me, maid composed, 15
 To breathe some softened strain,

¹ In North Yorkshire on the upper Tees.

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with thy stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves
Who sleep in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge, 25
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car ;

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake 30
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland follows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds or driving rain
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side, 35
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ; 45
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long sure-found beneath the sylvan shed
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health, 50
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name.

—Collins (1720-1756).

FROM "SEAWEED."

When descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
 Storm-wind of the equinox,
 Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges, 5
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
 Of sunken ledges,
 In some far-off, bright Azore ;
 From Bahama, and the dashing, 10
 Silver-flashing
 Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ; 15
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting 20
 Currents of the restless main ;
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
 All have found repose again.

—*Longfellow.**THEY ARE ALL GONE.*

They are all gone into the world of Light,
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast 5
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or these faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ; 10
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary—
 Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have showed them me 15
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ; the jewel of the just !
 Shining no where but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
 Could man outlook that mark ! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
 At first sight if the birds be flown ;
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams, 25
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ; 30
 But, when the hand that locked her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee !
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall 35
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective, still as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass. 40
 —Vaughan (1621-1635).

AFTER THE BURIAL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor ;
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
 In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world. 5

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze ? 10

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt, 15

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last ! 20

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair !

Immortal ? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she ? 25
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider 30
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true ;
But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you. 35

Console if you will, I can bear it ;
'T is a well meant alms of breath ;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death. 40

It is pagan ; but wait till you feel it,—
The jar of our earth—that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit ? Forgive me,
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all the incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

—Lowell.

“THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.”

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For these, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth, 1806.

"LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS."

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out¹ even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*Shakspeare.*

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
 A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
 Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.

Here in this room she died ; and soul more white 5
 Never through martyrdom by fire was led
 To its repose ; nor can in books be read
 The legend of a life more benedight.

There is a mountain in the distant West
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
 Displays a cross of snow upon its side. 10
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
 These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
 And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

—*Longfellow.*

¹ Continues steadfast.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow ; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet, in quiet lie."

—Longfellow.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest : 10
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion !
 Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array
 Presiding Spirit here to-day
 Dost lead the revels of the May ; 15
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours,
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment : 20
 A Life, a Presence like the Air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with anyone to pair :
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees 25
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze
 Behold him perch'd in ecstacies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;
 There ! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings 30
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
 A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves 35
 Pours forth his song in gushes ;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mock'd and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes.

—William Wordsworth.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill ;

APPENDIX.

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10 Whose passions not his masters are ; 5
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
 Untied unto the world with care
 Of public fame or private breath ;

15 Who envies none that chance doth raise, 10
 Or vice ; hath ever understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

20 Who hath his life from humours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

25 Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend. 20

30 This man is free from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

—*Sir Henry Wotton* (1568–1639).

FROM "EXTREME UNCTION."

Upon the hour when I was born,
 God said, "Another man shall be,"
 And the great Maker did not scorn
 Out of Himself to fashion me ;
 He sunned me with His ripening looks, 5
 And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
 As effortless as woodland nooks
 Send violets up and paint them blue.

- Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
 Am exiled back to brutish clod,
 Have borne unquenched for four-score years 10
 A spark of the eternal God ;
 And to what end ? How yield I back
 The trust for such high uses given ?
 Heaven's light hath but revealed a track 15
 Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.
- Men think it is an awful sight
 To see a soul just set adrift
 On that drear voyage from whose night
 The ominous shadows never lift ; 20
 But 'tis more awful to behold
 A helpless infant newly born,
 Whose little hands unconscious hold
 The keys of darkness and of morn.
- Mine held them once ; I flung away 25
 Those keys that might have open set
 The golden sluices of the day,
 But clutch the keys of darkness yet ;—
 I hear the reapers surging go
 Into God's harvest ; I, that might 30
 With them have chosen, here below
 Grope shuddering at the gates of night.
- O glorious Youth, that once was mine !
 O high Ideal ! all in vain
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine 35
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again ;
 The bat and owl inhabit here,
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near ;
 The image of the God is gone. 40

—James Russell Lowell.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

10

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No Bird : but an invisible Thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

15

The same whom in my School-boy days
I listened to : that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

20

To see thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green :
And thou wert still a hope, a love
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

25

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee !

30

— William Wordsworth.

THE GLIMPSE.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
 Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
 Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
 On my own world of poorer deed and aim ;

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel 5
 Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-'immed town,—
 In a brief pause of labour's sullen wheel,—
 'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown,—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
 Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky : 10
 Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul
 The torment of the difference till he die.

—William Watson.

THE LAST WORD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said !
 Vain thy onset ! all stands fast.
 Then thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease ! 5
 Geese are swans and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will !
 Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?
 Better men fared thus before thee ; 10
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall, 15
 Find thy body by the wall.

—Matthew Arnold,

PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
 The post of the foe,
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore, 15
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

—Robert Browning.

ALL SAINTS.

One feast, of holy days the crest,
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep ;
 The bravely dumb that did their deed, 5
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 Men of the plain heroic breed,
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
 But thread to-day the unheeding street, 10
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known,
 Sing with the welcome of their feet ;
 The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,
 Their cup of water warms like wine, 15
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes by them made bright, 20
 Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of the farther shore.

James Russell Lowell.

“WHEN, IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND
 MEN'S EYES.”

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—*Shakspeare.*

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears,
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years ;
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright columns of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven, but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

William Wordsworth.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

(ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.)

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red,

When on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-

crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;
 Here Captain, dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes it with object won ; 20

Exult O shores, and ring O bells !

But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty :

This city now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare, 5

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields and to the sky ;

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ; 10

Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will ;

Dear God ! The very houses seem asleep,

And all that mighty heart is lying still.

—William Wordsworth.

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,

By all their country's wishes blest !

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,

Returns to deck their hallowed mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5

Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;

By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,

To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10

And Freedom shall a while repair,

To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—William Collins.

IN MEMORIAM, II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock :
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom :

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

MEMORABILIA.

Ah ! did you see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again ?
How strange it seems and new !

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after ;
And the memory I startled at—
My startling moves your laughter !

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own,
And a certain use in the world, no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about.

For these I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather !
Well, I forget the rest.

—*Robert Browning.*

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning chide ;
 " Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask ; but patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best ; His stato
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."
5
10

—John Milton.

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.
5
10

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twin'd flowers ;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.
15
20

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, Thou hast thy music too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.
 —John Keats.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
 Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread its lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.
 Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :--
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !

30

Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

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—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



atsings :--

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olmes.

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